SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
35 WALL-ST., ADJOINING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 22, 1832.

FIRST VOLUME, NUMBER 41.
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

NEW-YORK:

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MISS VINCENT.

We are verily glad to learn by our Boston papers that this lady is "starring" it in that city with great eclat. Her Juliet has gained the most unqualified praises of the tasteful editor of the Transcript, who speaks quite in raptures of the "Fairy of the Bowery."

As our Eastern friends have lately been in the habit of crediting New-York with all the vagrants and thieving vagabonds that infest them, we hope they now will bear in mind to make amends and acknowledge that we do send abroad now and then something besides blackguards. Miss Vincent will do her native city no discredit, and the applause she elicits from the *learned Thebans* reflects most favorably on the taste of her admirers here.

We most heartily wish her all the success her talents and dramatic attainments so richly deserve.

GIORDANO.

We note with pleasure that the new Tragedy of this name, by Jas. Lawson, Esq., our contemporary of the Mercantile, in this city, is announced by the managers of the Arch street Theatre, Philadelphia, to be in a state of forwardness, and will shortly be produced at that establishment. Mr. Lawson is favorably known in this community, as a ripe scholar and a man of talents, in whose productions we ever find a purity of thought and felicity of expression, which combine to give him a high standing among our first belles-lettres writers. We have not, as yet had the pleasure of giving it a perusal, but the editors of the Evening Post have, and thus remark:— "The plot, though with some defects, is framed in a manner effectual for the great end, the production of dramatic interest; and the incidents succeed each other in such a manner as to carry forward the reader to the conclusion without fatigue. So decidedly does it possess this quality, a rare ingredient by the way in modern published tragedies, that we have no doubt, that if it were well cast, it would be represented on the stage with success. The author shows himself by his language, a disciple of the old dramatists, whom he has studied; and whose nervous diction he has not unsuccessfully aspired to copy. The scene of the drama is laid in Florence—but the author has not availed himself of the assistance of history—the characters and the events are the coinage of imagination. It is a story of treachery and conspiracy, detected and defeated. Of course it is impossible to give any thing like a *sample* of a dramatic poem. The parts should be read in conjunction, or they lose their value."

The following may serve as a specimen of the diction of the work.

I've often thought upon the world—and wondered!
What is ambition—why are men ambitious,
And what avail their petty hopes and fears,
Their brief authority, and baseless pride!
A few years past—then where are the renowned?
Ask the dark charnel house—no voice responds.
Ask the vain living—we may hear, they were,
But now are gone—and with them is entombed
Each aim and action of life's fretful hour;
The world has spared them, and regrets it not!
The mausoleum proud and towering pile
Crumble to dust—yea all memorials die.

EDITORIAL COOLNESS.

The Hagerstown Mail answering its correspondents, says,

"Laura will be attended to."

How gallant!! For shame! is this the mode of answering an Editor's fair friends? "Attend to" Laura *now*—can't be put off—the man's beside himself—don't flinch—Laura's impatient—no doubt of it. Oh, that that same fair one would deign to honor us with a—Don't mention it.

CURIOUS FISH.

A small volume has been recently published in England, by Mr. Wilderspin, which contains many interesting facts and entertaining anecdotes. The author gives the following adventure at a sea bath in the Frith of Forth.—"A friend and myself were bathing one morning, as we had done before, and determined to swim out and rest on a certain rock. He generally took the lead, and while following, I was suddenly struck as by an electric shock. I then discovered that I had swam on a gelatinous substance, about three feet in diameter, which proved to be a fish surrounded by stings. In a moment it covered or enwrapped me, so that every part of my body was stung, and I could only disengage myself by tearing the animal from me piece meal, at the peril of my hands, which were just as if I had poured vitriol upon them.

With great difficulty I swam back towards the shore; but when I reached the machine I had not strength enough to dress; and was afterwards led home between two persons. A medical friend ordered an application of oil and vinegar. Intense agony, which I can compare to nothing but the being stung by thousands of wasps, continued for about eight hours; and had it not terminated then, I must soon have sunk beneath the torture. As soon as the pain from the surface of the body was mitigated, I felt an internal soreness, was unable to eat for two days, and inflammation of the throat continued for a fortnight. Several of these creatures are seen on the sands left by the tide, for about a month in the year and I observed that no horse would tread on one nor would children touch it except with a stick but though the inhabitants of Porto Bello had heard of persons being slightly stung, the oldest of them had never met with a case parallel to mine."

THE ATLAS.

This "Select, Literary and Historical Journal," has reached the close of the Fourth Volume and has issued the first No. of Vol. V. much enlarged and improved. The Atlas has ever been considered one of our best weekly Journals, and the taste and tact displayed in getting it up, does great credit to its Publishers, and will continue to insure them the liberal patronage of a discerning community.

The improved and beautiful typography—the spirit of the selections, and the hand-some editorial greetings of this first number of Vol. V. give flattering earnest of its future worth and growing popularity.

Trout and Pickerel.—A correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer, at Littleton, N. H., says. Trout are getting scarce, and something must be done to replenish the stock in some of the unvisited and uninhabited waters. Some five years ago there was a beautiful pond near this village (Littleton, N. H.) abounding in the finest trout you ever saw. But the wiseacres wanted pickerel—pickerel fishing is so fine! So what do they do, but send off to another region, buy up three or four dozen healthy pike—bring them here, throw them into this pond, and leave them to *multiply!* The consequence is *that no trout are to be found there now*, and only now and then a stout pickerel. So much for ignorance of natural history in those who desire to be the benefactors of posterity. *Their pickerel probably spread in pursuit of prey.* Hence the growing scarcity of our mountain trout.

[From a late English Periodical.]

A SAMPLE OF SOME GENTLEMAN'S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.

[Mr. Editor.—Some gentleman—he does not mention his name—has recently sent me the enclosed sample of his Auto-biography, entreating me, if possible, to get it inserted in what he terms your "respectable miscellany." Should it be well received, he seems to think of imparting to the public, in some attractive form, much of what has occurred to him. If I comply with his request, he begs me to believe, that I should be adding materially to a debt of which he feels ... it would pain me to be reminded. What the man means I know not.— Yours, respectfully, W. C.

With regard to Thornhose, I remember our being acquainted—neither of us subsequently knew how—at Doncaster. What tact—what consummate *nous*, he displayed! With much justice he prided himself on being invulnerable to the thousand-and-one little arts to which so many fall a prey. He had never discounted a bad bill, bought an unsound horse, or taken a smokey house in his life. No man had seen him at a meeting of creditors; no begging impostor knocked at his door; no human being could persuade him to become bail. To an inexperienced young man like me, as he remarked, but without vanity, his acquaintance was likely to prove valuable. To cultivate it was my interest, my duty; and I did so with such success, that after the races and a few days loitering, we returned to London together, on an understanding, that he should favor me with his drawing room floor, for which he had no particular use—his parlors being double, and very spacious—furnish my table handsomely, and supply me with such cash as I might require, until I became twenty-five. On attaining such age, as he could, and did shortly after ascertain, by a perusal of my respected uncle's will in the commons, I was entitled to touch a legacy of £5000, out of this he was to be paid in full, with interest and a bonus, which, though liberal, fell short of what would have been enforced by the regular money lenders: from whose toils, on account of my ingenuousness, inexperience, the interest which he felt as to my welfare, he had no objection, notwithstanding the inconvenience, to preserve me. "My young friend," said this worthy man, three days after I had been domiciled under his roof, "I have got an office-copy of your uncle's will in my pocket, for one must look out—and depend on it, I will be a father to you!" Now, it would be an act of injustice on my part—I abhor injustice in any shape—not to declare that during the twelve months which I passed in his house, he was the very mirror of kindness. If I wanted money, he would even put himself to the inconvenience of selling wines from his private cellar at a loss, for the purpose of raising it; such loss, however, I must do myself the justice to say, I insisted on bearing. He let me have a horse and gig which he had bought a bargain, at cost price; sold me an original Wouvermans, and two Claudes, for next to nothing; and did all in his power to gain me the heart and hand of his lovely daughter. In Betsy, however, the hereditary caution of her family was aggravated into downright cunning; for though she had no objection to my person and manners, she peremptorily refused our united entreaties to become my wife, until I should actually touch my uncle's legacy—on no other pretence than some old proverb, about slips and lips.

Well! to my deep indignation, and even horror, after I had been with him a year, and was about £600 in his debt, he burst into my room one morning, and dared to call me an impostor!

"Sir," said I, "what do you mean? Is my identity questioned? Have you not the copy of my uncle's will in your pocket?"

"Don't talk to me about your uncle's will—that's how you've done me, vagabond!"

"Vagabond! Sir," said I, "you don't question the fact of my respected relative—a man of known wealth—having, as I stated, bequeathed me £5000 payable on my becoming twenty-five."

"No, wretch—villain—monster!" replied he, snatching up a chair and menacing me with it most frightfully; "but I find too late—dolt that I was—that you attained that age, received the money, spent every shilling of it, and were living by your wits long before I had the misfortune to know you. D—n your very looks! You're thirty if you're a day. Off with your rings—out with your watch—Strip."

What could I do? With a fellow of Herculean form, and in such a passion, it would have been absurd to contend. While he was divesting me of my dressing coat and silk waistcoat, with as much violence as he could venture upon without doing me an injury, I put my memory to its ... and ... a ... of an old attorney witnessing a release to my uncle's executors, for the £5000 he had left me, did certainly rise up to my mind's eye; but it vanished before I could fix it as a fact.

Returning to the business in hand, I said to Thornhose, "It is all very well, and ... if the worst came to worst, there are the two Claudes and the Wouvermans, which, although you obliged me with them for £50 each, are, as you assured me, worth a thousand pounds any man's money—I have pawned them for only ten, and will discharge all obligation by handing you over the duplicates."

"Curse the Claudes!" said he, "where's that new hat."

Deaf to reason, he proceeded to denude me; and after, at his instigation, I had clothed myself in the worst of a half-a-dozen suits, which the day before he had offered in a lump to a Jew for five and twenty shillings, he desired the lovely Betsy to bring him his horse-pistol—the one on the right hand side of his bed—took me firmly by the collar, and politely invited me to hear a case at Bow Street.

As we passed through Covent Garden, a fellow was being whipped for stealing vegetables, and the crowd caused us so much inconvenience, that accidentally, he went on one side of a lamp-post, and I on the other. The consequence was we were separated, and the coat which I wore was stripped of a great part of its collar. Thinking he would get out of the crowd as quickly as possible, I hastened to do the same; but on looking carefully round for him in one of the alleys between Chandos St. and the Strand, he was nowhere to be seen. Without me, it did not seem likely that he would go before the magistrate; so that if I went thither, I could but exculpate myself on a mere ex parte statement. I therefore determined on taking some future opportunity of doing myself justice but felt by far too indignant ever again to enter his house; and strolled in a contrary direction.

About sunset I found myself seated on a milestone, in one of the beautiful solitary lanes between the roads to Uxbridge and Harrow. As a coach passed me I leaned my head upon my hand and felt fatigued. When it had rolled a few yards on, it was pulled up—I heard it returning—it stopped directly opposite me. Thus deliberately confronted, as it were, I could scarcely do otherwise than look up. By the side of a little hunchbacked tiger, in a demure respectable livery, sate a woman, the rich border of whose veil covered the whole of her face, except one rosy lip and ivory chin, that reminded me of something I had seen before, I could not recollect where. "He looks like a gentleman in distress," said she in a voice that thrilled to my heart for I knew it. "Get out Buffalo, give him what silver you have, and my card. I shall be at home to-morrow at 11, and if deserving he shall not want relief."

The next morning—thanks to the tiger's purse, and my economizing for the night under a hedge—I appeared at Mrs. Robinson's door, in comparatively decent trim. The hunchbacked tiger showed me into a back parlor, where I found his mistress at breakfast. ... appearance distresses me; what has occurred?"

[This lady whose notions of *meum* and *teum* were rather fantastical, employed the *gentleman* to assist her in raising the wind upon the strength of her acquaintance with Lord Timothy, which he succeeded in doing to the tune of £500. On receiving the money into his possession, the *gentleman* made an excursion in Gloucestershire, omitting to pay any portion of it over to Mrs. Robinson from the sheer effect of a bad memory.]

It is one of the calamities of this country, that however much any one may wish to avoid society, it is almost impossible, if one is at all known, to remain private, even in the most secluded and select of spots. Some low fellow, whom one has known somewhere, sees one accidentally, and then, without acquainting one with his intentions, goes and prates of one's whereabout; so that one's connexions pounce upon one like hawks. This, to many men is disagreeable; to me a dead bore. As a matter of policy, I always *do* the intruders if I can. Generally speaking, I have some kind of a presentiment of their swoop; I become on a sudden disgusted with my location, and move.—If they follow, it becomes a matter of pride to defeat them. I had scarcely left London a fortnight, when an extract, which I saw in a local paper, from *the Hue and Cry Gazette*, raised a glimmering suspicion on my mind, that the privacy I had chosen was about to be invaded. This annoyed me; for the Redstart, a snug public house, where I had taken up my temporary abode, being situate on the brow of a high hill, afforded a delightful view of the surrounding country. A cross-road, in bad condition, ran before the door; and the house having a south aspect, the front windows were provided with neat Venitian blinds, which not only produced a pleasant effect, but allowed one the pleasure of looking at those who passed without being stared out of countenance by the rude. The landlord, too, had a telescope, with which he used to sweep the roads to the right and left, and give notice to his post boys when he saw a chaise approaching, so that their horses were always in readiness by the time the vehicle came up. With this instrument I frequently amused myself. Just before dinner on the day after I had seen the extract from the *Hue and Cry Gazette*, with the aid of the glass I perceived a post chariot, coming at a rapid pace across the ridge of the hill. A man was seated on the box, whose mode of taking off his hat, and wiping his bald glossy head, was so peculiar, that I recognised him as a friend of mine, whom I had no wish to see: to use stronger terms, I had a particular antipathy to his person, but why, I could not at the moment recollect. Perhaps, on some occasion, he might have used me ill, and the impression remained, although the fact that produced it was forgotten.

About a half a mile off, instead of pursuing the main road, the vehicle dashed into a lane which emerged at the back of the house. This was decisive. My friend evidently wished to surprise me. To dart down stairs, and out of the house, like lightning, was the work of an instant; but fat as he was, the landlord overtook and tripped me up, before I had proceeded ten yards. It seems that I had forgotten to pay the bill, and self interest lent him wings. Without saying a word, he beat me considerably, and, in addition to this, his wife waddled forth and began to abuse. Notwithstanding her noise, I heard the roll of the post chariot on a patch of pebbles with which part of the lane near the Redstart had recently been mended. There being no time to lose, I acquiesced in the landlord's robbing me of a repeater I had bought previously to my quitting town, and then as I had expected was permitted to slip through his fingers. It has always been a satisfaction to me to reflect that the repeater in question, though it struck and was showy, had not cost me a pound; being, with its brilliant appendages, got up for a sinister purpose. The landlord however, thought it a rich prize, and stuffing it into his wife's bosom, hurried off to receive the party in the post chariot, which had now drawn up. The man with the bald glossy head gave me a smile of recognition as he alighted; but I turned my back upon him with contempt; and in a moment of absence, or unaccountable whim, got up behind an empty post-chaise, that was standing ready for horses in front of the house. The post-boys which my friend and his companions had come, their ... were two ... fellows ... the chariot—ran across the flat top of the hill, which broke abruptly into a steep and apparently interminable descent, at the very foot of an old elm, to which the sign of the Redstart was nailed. Here, shaded by the foliage, stood mine host's trim new chaise, with a stone before one of the wheels to prevent it from starting without steeds, down the hill. This stone, I suppose I must have kicked away before I mounted; for, from the slight impetus communicated to the vehicle by the act of getting up it went off, and in a few moments acquired such prodigious velocity, that the distance existing between me and my friend, which, at the commencement of the chaise's career, had not been above three yards, was lengthened to many hundreds. He hurried back to the post-chariot, which soon gave me chace; but the evident odds in favor of a carriage without horses, against one with in a down hill race, made me feel quite at ease; in fact, I saw that I had nothing to fear but a broken neck; and this I flattered myself I might possibly escape, if the two deep continuous ruts in which the chaise had hitherto traveled should fortunately run the whole length of the hill, for these kept the wheels in a proper course, as though they were running on a rail-road, and prevented the fore carriage from swerving on the perch bolt—an event, which, had it occurred, must infallibly have capsized my conveyance.

At length a closed turnpike gate threatened to obstruct my passage; I bellowed with all my breath, but the fellow seemed to be deaf. Alarmed at the prospect, I contrived to get my feet on the ground, and after striding with the chaise, as if I had on the seven-leagued boots of Hop 'o my Thumb, for a considerable distance, I ventured to cast off. Of course I fell forward with horrid force, but firm to my purpose, crawled into a bed of nettles by the road-side, before the tail of dust which followed my vehicle had dissipated sufficiently to reveal me to my pursuers, who soon passed by at such a rate that I trembled for their safety; and not without reason, for although my conveyance had broke through the toll-taker's impediment, yet, from the influence of the shock, it had diverged from the safety track, locked close up and come down with such a crash, that it went to pieces like a dropped decanter. This I subsequently discovered, for the dust prevented, not only me, but my pursuers, from seeing the catastrophe; nor was I aware that the latter, unable to check their horses at the short notice afforded them of the fact, had been completely *bouleverses* among the ruins of the trim built vehicle, until I was conscious that the roll of their wheels had ceased, and saw, on casting a glance down the road, that the dust did not advance.

Beaten as I had been by the landlord of the Redstart, abused by his wife, robbed of my repeater, and hurt by my fall from the defunct ... ing my prostrate friends any relief, and consequently broke through the hedge, and made off at full speed across a ploughed field in quest of assistance—for myself. This it was a matter of some difficulty to obtain, for the whole country seemed on the alert to capture me. I was determined not to gratify them by a surrender, for which I could have no other motive than to vindicate my character from the calumnies, which I soon discovered had been cast upon it; and these I thought it would not be dignified to treat otherwise than with silent contempt.

Seeing a young reaper undress himself behind a bush on the banks of a river, for the purpose of bathing, I felt a great inclination to plunge into the cool and refreshing stream, and accordingly resolved to strip in the spot which he had directly chosen, it being well sheltered from observation. Decency, however prevented me from doing this, until he had crossed the river. I then threw off my clothes with enthusiastic haste, but the cold air on my naked skin produced a complete reaction in my desires, and recollecting that I was ignorant of the art of swimming, without knowing which, to bathe in a river is boy's play, and even dangerous, I re-clad myself, and strolled on. About two hours after, on turning out of a bye lane, I suddenly came upon mine host of the Redstart, dressed in his Sunday clothes, mounted on a long tailed cart-horse, and wearing a blunderbuss. The rascal did not know me! for, it seems, I had unconsciously disguised myself in the reaper's clothes. Alarmed at so unprofitable an exchange of suits, I put my hand into the first pocket I could find, and there, to my great delight and astonishment, I found my money!

A little after dark, while leaning against the door of a stable attached to a roadside public-house, pondering upon my perplexities, the bolt or latch started with my weight, and I entered.—Closing the door behind me and fastening it as well as circumstances would permit, I crept into a stall: this, however, I found inhabited by some prodigious animal, of which I could literally make neither head nor tail, being unable, on account of its height, to reach either. In the next stall there was something equally mysterious. It breathed as though its lungs were half a mile distant from its nostrils, and its snore reverberated like a wind whistling through a postern, along some narrow cavernous vault in a haunted castle. The beast was on its legs, but evidently under the influence of Morpheus. Stealing out of its stall, I felt around me—for it was too dark to see—but every object on which I laid my hand was novel, and alarming. The stable seemed instinct with life, clothed in fantastic, frightful forms. At length, I found and laid down in a long deep chest, half full of green baize and blankets. Falling into a dose, I dreamt that I was floating on the heaving billows of the ocean, and on being awakened by the boisterous entrance of a man and woman with lights, I felt conscious that something was in motion beneath me. It proved that I had got among the contents of a traveling menagerie, and was reposing on a boa constrictor!

The man and woman stared at me as though I had been a new animal, and the former, after plucking me out of the chest and hurling me under the legs of a dromedary, accused me of having broken into the stable with a view to purloin his younger elephant, which I subsequently found to be the gem of his collection. Of course I protested my innocence; delivered my round unvarnished version of the accidental mode in which I had entered, for the purpose of obtaining shelter for the night; and triumphantly adduced as a proof of my ignorance as to what the stable contained, the fact of my having inadvertently gone to bed with the boa. The man grinned, but could not immediately be appeased, because he thought from appearances some little violence had been done to the door. At length, however, we became amicable, and he condescended to ask me if I could drive with ease, and make faces. I answered in the affirmative; and as he was travelling my way, I agreed to succeed a late mountebank and face ... who, on the preceding day, had upset the caravan, and rather disgusted the beasts. All this time his companion stood silent; she was the most beautiful being I ever saw—but more of her anon.

The next morning, our caravan being repaired, my employer restored the chief part of his collection to their customary berths. The young elephant was very refractory, but at length submitted to go back to his box, and the dromedary obediently knelt to his load. This consisted of a cage of cockatoos, several monkies, at perfect liberty, a portable cooking apparatus; a bed and bedding, four chairs; two big drums; a gong; the materials of a stage and tent; three young badgers in a bag; and the lady. My business was to lead the dromedary, and keep a sharp eye on the monkeys, my employer himself taking charge of the team that drew the caravan. The next day, he procured me a mountebank's suit, painted my face, and requested that I should consider my transformation permanent. Even on the road I was to wear my motley, because we had come into a quarter prolific of fairs, and he wished not only to travel through the villages with eclat, but to be ready for exhibiting at a minute's notice, extempore, as it were, wherever he could draw together a sufficient number of customers to pay him for halting. This arrangement exactly suited my views, for I did not wish to be bothered by any acquaintance I might meet, and altered and bedaubed as I was, my most intimate friend could not have known me. I therefore entered heartily into the spirit of the thing, and delighted my new connexions by the novelty of my grimaces. No masquerade could have afforded me more amusement, but in a few days I began to mope, being for the first time in my life, a stricken deer.

The august creature who accompanied my employer, had enthralled—fascinated—victimized my usually unsusceptible heart. It amazed me how she could have so cast herself away. Gideon Crowthorpe had no pretensions to beauty; when I first met him, yet it is said, in his younger days, he had been reckoned the handsomest Albino ever exhibited. His eyes were small, ferrety-deep set, and apparently in danger of being soon smothered in their sockets, by circumjacent fat. His face was so bloated, carbuncled and inflamed, in all parts, that it bled at the least touch like an over-ripe blackberry. Having lost the flaxen locks which had adorned him in youth, by dipping his head, when drunk into a pail of hot water, by mistake, he partially concealed his baldness by a prim little wig, white as powder could make it, and displaying three strata of diminutive curls above each ear. A massive gold guard chain emerged from the fifth button-hole of his dog-skin waistcoat, and passed across to the left pocket, in which he carried a small enamelled lady's watch. He wore a green hunting frock, buff small clothes, and high boots, without tops. In figure, he was a Dutch Hercules, fat and squab, but muscular enough to fell an ox. His temperament seemed to be naturally jovial; his manners those of one who had visited every fair in the three kingdoms. Juno, his transcendent companion, was deaf and dumb, and I soon discovered that Gideon, debarred as he was from oral conversation, had acquired the habit of thinking aloud.—As some cannot comprehend without whispering what they read, so Gideon appeared to be incapable even of multiplying two by three, unless he went audibly through the process with his tongue. He tried the effect of all such projects as occurred to him, consciously, upon his ear, which to him seemed to be the touchstone of their value; and thus he never moved or made a halt without literally asking himself a few questions. Such in brief was Gideon Crowthorpe.

Juno, the peerless Juno, rose considerably above the general stature of her sex. She had been exhibited, before Gideon wooed and won her, as a Circassian giantess. Her majestic form was exquisitely moulded, and as an Oxford under graduate who saw her when we were at Henley, said, her features were absolutely Phidian. The perfect harmony of her proportions made the spectator forget her unusual height, and, if reminded of it, he did but admire her the more. They who first called her Juno, displayed much feeling and taste: she was just such a creature as the classic enthusiast sees in a dream about Mount Olympus, sitting cheek-by-jowl with the Thunderer. Aristotle says, that beauty consists in magnitude; here was a woman who would have made him love-lorn as Hercules under the influence of Dejanira. To her, Xenophon's Panthea, distinguished as he describes her to have been, for stature and strength, must have meekly succumbed. But for her youth I could have fancied her "Cybele, mother of a hundred gods." She could be gentle as a Dryad, but when the bumpkins at a fair held back, she looked so awful that I thought of Nemesis; and when irritated by any rustic flash of gallantry, she embodied what one may venture to term an Homeric conception of a Fury. In such a mood the lovely Titaness would have domineered over Jove himself, take what shape he might but that of Gideon Crowthorpe. The hideous brute enjoyed some mysterious hold upon her affections, and dared to be despotic with her, as though he were a Satrap and she his purchased slave. To lull the fiercest storm in her bosom, he had but to shake a cudgel, with which he used to belabour the hyænas when they quarrelled. With eyes of such splendid power, a voice to express her sentiments would have been superfluous: like music, they spoke all languages. She taught me the alphabet of the hands, and the first use I made of my new acquirement, was to declare my passion. Intoxicated with her charms, I madly shewed her my money. She looked like a hungry tigress at the unexpected sight of a fawn. Her beautiful fingers vibrated, as it were, with such emotion, that I pocketed the notes again, lest they should be clutched, and resolved to let the charm work its effect, at leisure. That night she told Gideon of my proposals, and, conspired with him to murder me.

I heard the Albino incoherently soliloquizing about it, while he was curry combing his dromedary; and the fascinating Juno was tempting the boa to resume its appetite, after a six weeks' fast, with a pair of lively pullets. When he began—I am certain of this—I was fast asleep, and his words had dropped upon my ear, opportunely, with the current of a bad dream, the horrors of which at length awoke me. Had I not been so deeply interested, I should scarcely have made out the meaning of his growls; as it was, their meaning was awfully clear to me.

We had halted for the night on a dreary common, far from human habitation, and, as usual, carried out an awning in front of the caravan, to shelter the dromedary and our team. The box which contained the boa, stood close to the only place of egress, athwart which, beneath the awning, reposed the dromedary. I was lying by the side of the young elephant, at the other end of the caravan, so that it was impossible for me to get out without passing the giantess and her Dutch Hercules, either of whom, as an animal, was much more than a match for me. Gideon seemed exceedingly wroth at my attempt to despoil him of his Juno, besides whom, nothing, he said loved him, except those hyænas that he so frequently cudgelled. I did all in my power to continue my snore—but it was a difficult matter, for I wished to listen, breathless, to his dim mutterings. He had made up his mind that I must have come by the money dishonestly, and that therefore it was no sin to get it out of my clutches. At one time he seemed to think of digging a grave under the awning, laying me gently in it and then smothering me, might and main with the mould. That plan, however, he soon rejected, because I might awake in the course of its execution. He then exclaimed against the boa, and said, if she had any gratitude or sense, she might easily make amends for having exposed him to the payment of a deodand—the result of a coroner's inquest on a boy whom the reptile had killed a month before. "If one could but coax her only just to look at a pullet," he intimated rather than said in *tete-a-tete*, "I would thrust the vagabond's thumb into her mouth, and the needful might be done without risk or trouble. She'd curl round him like a live cable—but the brute is not in a feeding humor yet." His mind then wandered to the rattlesnake which he had recently bought, but, as he said, if he put them by my side, they would, perhaps, creep harmlessly into my bosom for warmth and not bite, unless he pinched them by the tail—a mode of transacting business which he could not approve, inasmuch as it would be tantamount to killing with his own hands—besides, they might turn and nab him, or instead of me, destroy his elephant. For his own part he abhorred blood. Juno, however, had no repugnance, he felt sure, to adopt the knife, but he would not let her soil her hands with me; a *clean*, accidental death would be best if it could be managed: but if not—

At this point of his soliloquy I pretended to awake, and coming forward, rather staggered him by my presence. After a little talk, which I purposely led to the subject of money, I told him, as a matter of confidence, about the cash I possessed, and added, that, as carrying such a sum on my person deprived me of sleep, I had determined on placing it for security in his hands.—Juno's eye glistened as I drew it forth; she seemed to know what I was saying; and simply with a view to save my life, which was evidently in jeopardy, I threw it into her lap. If I reclaimed it, Gideon could, and doubtless would, deny the deposit; he had therefore no temptation to put himself to the trouble of depriving me of my life, and feeling as easy as a man could be expected to feel after having relinquished so important an amount, I returned to my couch by the side of the young elephant, resolving never to quit Gideon, until, by force or fraud, I had compelled him to refund. Strange to say, I could still have loved his Titaness, if she would have let me, but the magnificent fiend gave me no hopes.

Even had I been a pickpocket in principle, and a Barrington in dexterity, I could not have done myself justice, for night and day Gideon's money was safe. He carried it in a tin box, covered with a skin of bull's hide, and bound by stout straps to the inside of a leather waistcoat, which he wore next his skin. To cut it out clandestinely during his waking hours, was impossible; and he slept only at odd times, when there was nothing else to do, usually with his head in Juno's lap, and always under the protection of her wary eye. He was an adept at *put*, and some other low games; and, I suppose to satisfy his conscience, played with me at night when business was over, on the recumbent dromedary's bunch, at such high stakes, that, as he always won, he soon had a score of losses against me sufficient to balance my deposit. I fell into his humorous prudential motives, without, however, suffering myself to think that, by his exploits at put, he had acquired any stronger right to my money than he had previously possessed. I passed whole nights in endeavoring to devise schemes for redress, but nothing feasible occurred to my imagination, and at last I began to despair. The fellow even refused to give me £50 and let me seek my fortunes, alleging that I was too valuable a servant to be lost so lightly. The fact is, I had become so debased in the contagious society, as to pick up young farmers at fairs, and bring them into the caravan, after the day's work was done, under the pretence of seeing the beasts fed. Jovial Gideon, on these occasions, generally broached a brandy keg, and soon had them safe at put. 'Tis true he allowed me a slice of the spoil, but it was scarcely worth acceptance; and having taken the lion's share himself, he divided the residue into three parts, of which I took one, and Juno two, one for herself, to bye finery, and the other to expend in confectionary, for our nimble accomplice, Macaroon, a spider monkey.

One night, after having exhibited at a fair within twenty miles of the metropolis, which we had been gradually approaching, I found a familiar eye fixed upon mine: it was that of the bald gentleman who had come on the box of a post-chariot to the Redstart. I believe I forgot to mention that his name was Thornhose, the friend who had sold me the Claudes, and called me impostor. I made a hideous grimace, and he turned away. A bold project now occurred to me. Gideon had that morning given me a taste of the hyæna cudgel, and my respect for him was at an end. Following my friend, I tapped him on the shoulder, and paid him a compliment on his being alive after the affair of the hill. "What does the fellow mean?" said he. "Mr. Thornhose," I replied, "concealment I scorn; how is Miss Betsey?"

He recognised me at once; and my candor, or, as he termed it assurance, quite disconcerted him. "I am in your debt, sir," I added, "I may, perhaps, before we separate, find means, at least in part, to do the needful." His face brightened, and he exclaimed, "Then you propose of course to choke me off with the money you maced out of Mrs. Robinson—or rather, I should say, her protector—Lord Timothy."

I turned ghastly, and enquired how he had become acquainted with any transactions, in which my name was mixed up with those of the lady and gentleman he had mentioned.

"To be frank," he replied, "I act, occasionally, in very delicate matters, as agent and professional adviser for Lord Timothy, and assisted him to raise the money with which you were paid. It was not until after the mischief had been done, that I heard, accidentally, that you, even you, were the plaintiff. Of course I saw directly that the job was a dead robbery; and Mrs. Robinson, while in the whirlwind of her indignation at your conduct, dropped some expressions that induced me to put your name in *The Hue and Cry*. We soon heard of you at the Redstart, and went down with a Bow-street officer, who, poor fellow, had his collar-bone broken by the fall; while Lord Timothy and myself escaped with only a few bruises. Raising the country at once, we had laid hold of a young fellow in your clothes, who gave us so accurate a description of the dress you had exchanged with him, that we got upon your track, and, after having been thrice thrown out, winded you again, and here we are. But now about this money?"

I told him precisely how I had parted with it, and earnestly entreated him to exert his genius against Gideon. "Give me," said I, "a single £20 note, and you're welcome to the rest, if you can get it; and I think (although I am no match for him single handed,) that between us we can make something of him." He smiled complacently and observing that Lord Timothy who now joined us, in some points was no fool, proposed that we should immediately adjourn to the caravan, and see what could be done. By the way I mentioned some particulars as to Gideon, which might be turned to advantage, without absolutely infringing on the law; but as to that, neither Thornhose nor Lord Timothy seemed at all over-nice.

We found Gideon at put with a bumpkin, whom he speedily despatched to make room for the promising victims I had picked up. I contrived to let him know that one was a Lord of zoological notoriety (which was the fact,) and that both had money about them. After a few single games between Gideon and Thornhose, on the dromedary's bump, while Lord Timothy inspected the collection, a proposal for a square game was made, and we adjourned to a table in the caravan. Juno of course, was Gideon's partner, and Thornhose Lord Timothy's. I was amazed to find that the two latter could play put; Thornhose well, but Lord Timothy capitally.—He had studied during his minority, among the racing grooms at Newmarket, and, as I soon perceived, could beat Gideon with ease, either at fair-play or cheating. As Lord Timothy and his partner won, Gideon regularly increased the stakes; a losing game, to which he had long been unaccustomed, rendered him indiscreet; he cursed Juno with great bitterness for not playing as she ought to do, and gulped down his brandy undiluted. Lord Timothy managed the play, and Thornhose had little to do but pick up tricks and take the cash. "Somebody has been giving you a forged note or two here, Mr. Crowthorpe," said the latter, pointing to the stakes which Gideon had just laid down; "I know them as well as if I were a bank inspector. You had better exchange them to prevent mistakes, before we take money."

Thus detected, Gideon's rage became boundless; the blood gushed from the pimples on his brow; and he threatened me with extermination for having brought him a pair of insolent sharpers. Thornhose, up to this time, had kept his winnings under his left elbow, not even raising it to deal; but seeing Gideon so violent, he lifted it up for the purpose of putting the notes safely in his pocket. At that instant, Macaroon, the spider monkey (doubtless in obedience to a wink from Juno,) stretched forth his long lean arm, and with the velocity of lightning, but with a murlike silence, and unseen by Thornhose, snatched the notes, squeezed them up to the size of a walnut, and safely deposited them in his cheek. He then drew back to his box, and sat looking as if nothing had happened.

The effect of the loss on Thornhose was electrical; he started up, accused Juno, who sat on his left, of the robbery, and made a clutch at her throat, which, however, the giantess dexterously parried, and kicked down the table with such violence that the lamp was extinguished, and Lord Timothy laid prostrate.

During the darkness, I took hold of Macaroon, who, I thought, might, partially injure the money, and squeezed his neck with some force. The brute tried all in his power to swallow it, but being resolute, and having tolerably long fingers, I extracted it from his throat, and sallied out for assistance. The fair, however, was now deserted, and I ran to an inn, at some distance, without meeting any body that seemed to be sober. A couple of postboys, who had brought down a Peer from a late division, were just about to return to town, half drunk and ripe for a frolic. Accosting me by the name of Mr. Mountebank, they asked if I was going to the masquerade at the opera-house. Falling into their humour, I jocosely replied in the affirmative, if they could do the distance before day-break. With shouts of laughter they thrust me into the chaise; and about four o'clock in the morning I was making mouths, and throwing sommersaults (an art which I had recently cultivated with great success,) in a brilliant circle at the King's Theatre.

From a columbine, whom I recognized as an old acquaintance of Mrs. Robinson, I soon learned, without making myself known, that I had done that kind hearted creature a severe injury by my thoughtlessness. Lord Timothy at the suggestion of Thornhose, had utterly discarded her, and she was then in custody, at the suit of her dress maker, the columbine's *ci-devant* mistress, for whom she had wanted the two hundred and fifty pounds. After having ascertained where she was, I called a coach, and got in at a hotel, under the pretence that I had staid too long at the masquerade to intrude on the family with whom I was on a visit. This accounted for my mountebank's dress. After taking coffee, with an anchovy sandwich, and a brace of burnt gizzards, I sent for a tailor,—being unwilling to appear by day-light in my masquerade habit,—and before ten o'clock, was attired in a handsome suit of ready made mourning. With a contrite heart, I hurried to the sponging-house, and surprised Aurora (that was Mrs. Robinson's familiar name) in bed, sipping her chocolate. "Now this is kind of you, Dick," said she, motioning the attendant to withdraw; and adding, as soon as the latter had retired, "Wretch! how dare you face me?"

I told her that circumstances had compelled me—charity beginning at home—to quit the metropolis at a moment's warning; but that, at the first opportunity, I had returned with the means as well as the will to do my duty. I then, for the first time, unrolled the crumpled little parcel which I had extracted from Macaroon's throat; of its amount I was perfectly aware, for I had been too interested in the game, not to count Lord Timothy's winnings. It consisted of four fifty pound notes (which I had handed over, among others to Albino;) four others, for £20 each; which he had lugged out of his horde in the tin case, and a forged ten, as I subsequently discovered, which in spite of the vigilance of Thornhose, his antagonist had smuggled into the stakes. The sight of these won her confidence; and knowing she had an account at a house in Lombard street, with one of whose junior partners she had once been intimate, I ventured to ask her about her balance. "Under fifty," said she, "Dick, or I should not be here; for the wretch will take a hundred down, and my bill for the remainder.—My hump-backed tiger is going to raise the deficiency, if he can, on my cab and horse, this morning; but, of course, you mean to do the needful yourself?"

I replied that I did; and was as good as my word. By 12 o'clock Aurora was emancipated, at an expense, on my part, of £100 and costs; for I would not permit her to write for the fifty in Lombard street. Having speedily settled preliminaries, we took a coach to the city; and according to an arrangement we made by the way, having a delicate affair in view, she introduced me at her banker's as a husband, to whom she had been married yesterday morning. To obviate the necessity of a certificate, she wrote in my favor for the balance, which I increased by paying in the residue of the amount I had resuscitated from the spider monkey's throat, and took the common counter receipt for the whole.

On our way back, I left my card at the door of Mr. Thornhose, and Aurora insisted on inflicting her own at the residence of Lord Timothy; her separation from whom had already been blown; and she deemed herself lucky in getting out before the arrival of any detainers from her numerous creditors. For my own part I had no wish to remain in London, for either Thornhose or the Albino would doubtless soon pester me. I had left a trail, by travelling with the postboys to the masquerade, and thence in a hackney coach to the hotel, the spunging-house and the city, which either of those worthies might without much difficulty follow. Upon the whole, we mutually deemed it expedient to take a tour on the continent,—our route being Petersburgh, where Aurora felt sure that her style of beauty was rather unique, and must therefore be capable of being turned to a ... account.

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Tennessee. Alexandria, Nathan Wade; Jonesboro', John P. Chester; Nashville, J. Graham; Rogersville, W. B. Mitchell; ..., A. H. White.

Missouri. Franklin, Diogenes Wetmore; Fort Leavenworth, A. Morgan; New Lebanon, J. R. Dimmit; ..., Robert Frazee Esq.

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Varieties

From foreign papers by the late arrivals.

From the World of Fashion.

LADIES' FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FANCY DRESS.—An under dress of white and rose colored striped silk, over which is a short robe of black and crimsoned sprinkled gros de Naples, a low corsage with a white cambric pelerine, and slashed in front in the stomacher style. Short sleeves, also slashed, and displaying white ones underneath. Knots of crimson ribbons ornament the bottom of the sleeve. The skirt is looped on one side considerably above the knee. The hair divided on the forehead is ornamented on one side with a large bouquet of flowers, and on the other with a knot of crimson ribbon—Bracelets and neck knot of crimson ribbon.

PROMENADE DRESS.—A clear muslin pelisse, lined with straw colored gros de Naples, and richly embroidered in feather stich round the fronts and border. The large pelerine and sleeves are also embroidered. A row of Valenciennes lace, sewed flat, edges the pelerine, the round of the dress, and the bottom of the sleeve. The bonnet is of lemon-colored poux de Soie; it is lined with rose colored crape, and trimmed with gauze ribbons to correspond.

COLONEL AND MADAME MURAT.—Colonel Murat, the son of Murat, and nephew of Napoleon, and Madame Murat, his lady, are now stopping in London, at Batt's Hotel. The Colonel has come to this country to make arrangements for his lady's departure for America, previous to his return to Belgium, where he seems confident of hostilities shortly taking place with the Dutch.—The Colonel had the command of the Foreign Legion, which, through his military energy and skilfulness, was becoming very numerous and efficient; but through the paltry jealousy of the French nation, from his relationship to the Bonaparte family, he was requested by King Leopold to resign, with the rank of full Colonel of the Line, and a promise, in case of war, to have a regiment in the National Infantry. The Colonel bears a strong resemblance to his uncle Napoleon, particularly in the eyes, which are constantly in motion, and full of lively yet thoughtful expression. His pretty wife is the niece of Washington.—*Court Journal.*

A NEW SONTAG.—If any faith is to be placed in the reports of the Italian critics, the *lacune* in the vocal hemisphere, occasioned by the dramatic demise of the divine Sontag, bids fair to be filled by another Prussian syren, Mademoiselle *Ungher*. This youthful aspirant, we learn, the night preceding her departure from Padua, in the early part of last month, took her benefit there; and as one mode of expressing the sense of the public, the theatre was lighted up with unusual brilliancy in honor of the vocalist. She had to make her appearance upon the stage several times in the course of the evening, in answer to the applausive calls of the audience; and a bust of her, hung with votive verses, was publicly crowned by the members of the "Armonia."—There was not, we are told, a box in the house without its wreath of flowers, which, on the conclusion of the Cavatina in 'Niobe,' were thrown upon the stage, and gave it, as the wreaths lay closely strewed upon it, the appearance of a gay *parterre*.

A CORNISH JURY. A man was indicted for forgery at the Assizes in Cornwall; the evidence was exceedingly conclusive, and with but one exception the jury were determined on a verdict of guilty. One sturdy yeoman, however, maintained that it was no crime at all, saying to the judge, "Its no crime, my Lord, a man putting his name to a bit o'peaper; my children do it every day;" and in this he persisted till the rest acquitted the prisoner. The Judge, on his return from the Assizes, saw a hare hotly pursued by a brace of greyhounds, which had already got the tail of poor puss under their noses. His Lordship remembering the narrow escape of the forger, exclaimed, "Nothing on this earth can save her but a Cornish Jury."

AN IRISH BUCK OF THE LAST CENTURY. Kit was dressed out in the pink of the fashion of that time (1789.) He was then what they called, I believe, a macaroni, and was the same sort of animal that is now termed a dandy. He had a little hat, that would not go on a good ploughman's fist; his hair was *streeling* down his back and over his shoulders; the buttons on his coat were the size of sauce pans, and the skirts of his coat hung down behind to the small of his leg; he had two watches, one on each side of his stomach; a waistcoat that did not cover his breast, and light leather small clothes, that came down below the calf, and were fastened there with bunches of ribbons, that were as big as cauliflowers.—*Tait's Magazine.*

The author of *A Letter to the King's most excellent Majesty* asserts starvation is the cause of cholera, and that all the symptoms of this malady are those of perishing want. "This (the writer says) appears so clearly to my apprehension, that I have no doubt, if your Majesty would be graciously pleased to order one of the physicians to be privately starved to death, nine tenths of his brethren would gravely assert that he died of the cholera morbus."

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.—There have been (including the present) seven Presidents. The names of four of these ended in the letters *son*, but neither of these three had a son. All of them were married, but three of them were childless. The son of the only one, that had a son, was one of the seven. Four of the seven are dead, and *three* of them drew their last breath, on the Fourth of July.

AN ELECTION TRICK. A large number of freemen of the Borough of Berwick upon Tweed lived in London, and previous to an election in 1768, were put on board two vessels to be conveyed by water to Berwick to give their votes for a member of parliament; Mr. Taylor an opposition candidate hearing of it, covenanted the commander of this election cargo for the sum of £100 to land the freemen in Norway. This was accordingly done, and Mr. Taylor gained his election without any further expense.

TEA PARTY EXTRAORDINARY.—On Wednesday, July 25, Mr. John Lawton, tea dealer, &c of Hollinwood, entertained a party of 31 women, who had assembled in their best "bib and tucker," from a general invitation given by him to all of the age of 70 years or upwards. Their combined ages amounted to 2395 years, making an average of above 77 years. After tea they were regaled with punch, tobacco, and snuff, and finished the evening with songs and dances, and many a good tale of the days of "auld lang syne."—*Manchester and Salford Advertiser.*

A MOURNER.—An advertisement was inserted in yesterday's Morning Post, for "an almost new hat, with a *broad crape hatband*, left under the orchestra at Almack's on Wednesday night."—We confess this strikes us as "shocking bad" place for a hat fresh from a funeral; and strongly advise the Merry Mourner to lose his hat and keep his counsel.—*Court Jour. 31st.*

MISS WILBERFORCE.—When Mr. Wilberforce was chosen member for York, his daughter, in walking home from the scene of the election, was cheered by an immense crowd who followed her to her own door, crying "Miss Wilberforce for ever!" The young lady turned as she was ascending the stair, and motioning to the populace to be quiet, said very emphatically, "Nay, gentlemen, if you please, not *Miss* Wilberforce for ever," which sent them all home in good humor.

EXTENT OF THE BRITISH DOMINIONS. The sun never sets on the British Dominions. Before the evening ray leaves the spires of Quebec, his morning beams have shone for three hours on Port Jackson; and while sinking from the waters of Lake Superior, his eye opens on the Ganges.

Fontenelle lived to be nearly 100 years old. A lady, of nearly equal age, said to him one day, in a large company, "Monsieur, you and I stay here so long that I have a notion death has forgotten us." "Speak as *softly* as you can, Madam," replied Fontenelle, "lest you should remind him of us."

A poor man in Salisbury, on being asked what he should be the better for the Reform Bill being passed, said, "They tell I that it will rain legs of mutton ready roasted, but I don't believe 'em!"

The London Spectator, in speaking of the death of the son of Napoleon, says—"If ever child were born to point a moral and no more, it was the poor lad just dead.—The last weakness of great men seems to be a belief in their offspring, in spite of all history. Napoleon had faith in his son; nay more, he ruined himself for offspring. He was in a ship at full sail, and threw out his ballast. His separation from Josephine was fatal: his seeking after an alliance with the old prejudices of Europe drew down upon him the new temple he reared to military aristocracy. The results of his fatal mistake are to be found at St. Helena and the new vault of the poor Duke de Reichstadt.

MR. FOX, the celebrated orator, was one day told by a lady whom he visited, that she "*did not care three skips of a louse for him.*" He immediately took out his pencil and wrote the following lines:

> A lady has told me, and in her own house,
> That she cares not for me "three skips of a louse;"
> I forgive the dear creature for what she has said,
> Since women will talk of WHAT RUNS IN THEIR HEAD.

CRACK'S LATEST.—Why is a person going to a port in France like one going to be married?—Because he is going to have her (Havre.)

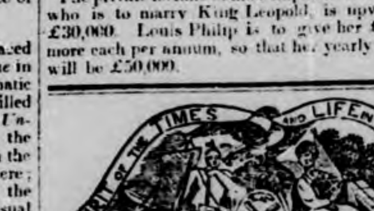
An old woman, walking through the streets of Paris at midnight, met a patrol, who called out, "Who goes there?" "It is I, patrol—Don't be afraid."

Some of the bottles of wine recovered from the wreck of the Boyne, lost 37 years ago near Spithead, have been opened, and found much improved in flavor—they were clustered with oysters.

Several banished editors of German papers have arrived in London and intend to set up papers in that city in the German language.

Rudd, who lately relieved a gambling establishment in this city of about nine hundred dollars, in a manner *contraire a la regle de Hoyle*, has, we learn, been arrested at Donaldsonville. With the exception of twenty-six dollars, the entire "spoils of victory" are recovered. Paul Clifford would never recognize him as a "genuine cove."

The private fortune of the Dauphiness of France, who is to marry King Leopold, is upwards of £30,000. Louis Philip is to give her £20,000 more each per annum, so that her yearly income will be £50,000.



City of New-York:

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 22, 1832.

NOTICE.

GENTLEMEN friendly to RACING, and to the SPORTS OF THE TURF, generally, and the Members of the "*Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses,*" are respectfully requested to meet at the CITY HOTEL TO-DAY, at 12 o'clock, M.
By Order of the Committee.

LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

But one theme is on all lips.—The Kembles—the Kembles—nothing but the Kembles! Cholera has hid its baleful head, and slunk into forgetfulness. Politics are rife—and politicians are zealously marshalling their forces for the approaching election—but their meetings are tasteless and dull, and their ranks thinned by the superior attractions in the "other house."

The weather has been so warm and the Theatre so crowded, that the fairer portion of our citizens have not yet ventured in great numbers to witness the Kembles—but with returning confidence in the health of the city, and cooler evenings, the unsurpassed intellectual exhibition will not lack this fitting accompaniment to render it complete. The arrival of the distinguished Strangers is very fortunately timed, and will unquestionably contribute to remedy those nervous apprehensions on which the existence of Cholera mainly depends. We have now something else to talk of at table. We can breakfast without being chilled with disastrous news of the night's ravages. We can dine without losing our appetite sooner from alarm than satiety. We can "tea" without cudgelling our brain to contrive entertainments for the evening, and how we can best drown our apprehensions for the night. One great point is then gained—a new topic is started, and if our admiration and the indulgence of our taste can overcome our fears—we shall have surmounted the great obstacle to our happiness and the enjoyment of our health.

TO THE GOUGED AND CROPPED.

Dry your *eye*, and he that has an *ear* let him listen—and he that "looks two ways of a Sunday," let him squint no longer.

Dr. John Scudder of this city, the Oculist so celebrated for his artificial *human eyes*, has recently succeeded in making an artificial human ear; and to give our readers an idea of the ingenious invention, we subjoin the following description. When the subject has but one ear, a mould is taken of it in plaster of Paris, in which is cast an artificial ear of India rubber precisely resembling it, which, being colored after the complexion of the wearer, is fitted to the head with a slender steel spring. When both ears are absent, the purchaser may be accommodated with ears of *any size* which may suit his fancy. In this way any accidental or congenital absence of the ear may be supplied, and a crop eared rascal may for a reasonable compensation be made an honest man.

Wonder if the Doctor could not supply the want of a *musical ear*?—The Italian Troupe will soon appear, when such an article would find a ready market, if all who are destitute would incur the expense.

The Doctor's inventive genius does not limit itself to merely restoring, in appearance, the loss of ears and eyes—but he has recently discovered a method, which we believe efficacious and infallible, of curing the disagreeable imperfection of obliquity in vision. There are very many who suffer under this misfortune, which is truly such, as, though the poets feigned that Venus had a touch of it, by way of a finish to her beauty, it affects the character of the countenance, and is apt to convey an association of mental as well as optical obliquity. If Dr. Scudder does not deceive himself—and there is no philosophical reason for supposing that a remedy may not be found,—he will reap both reputation and profit from his discovery. We understand that he intends to proceed forthwith on a tour through the principal cities and towns in which those making application may receive the benefit of his advice.

Among the applicants for pensions under the law passed at the last session of Congress, says the N. Y. Commercial, is Anthony Glean, the supposed hero of the Spy, who is now eighty-one years of age.

FOUL COMBINATION.—Some two-legged brutes in Newburyport, last week, says Mr. Chandler, of the U. S. Gazette, who bore malice against a noble dog, perhaps on his master's account, tortured and tormented the poor animal until they made him cross and fractious, and then they raised against him a scandalous report touching his temper. A combination was formed against this dog, he was driven to extremities, tumbled into the dock, and then pelted to death with sticks and stones. There is no law against a libel upon a dog, but those who thus sport with animal feelings and animal life should remember that the dog has *friends*.

THE CHOLERA.

With grateful hearts, we record for the information of our country friends, that the *deaths* from *Cholera*, from the 8th to the 15th of Sept. are reported by the City Inspector to be but 128; total number of deaths, 291. It will be seen that this Report shows a diminution on the previous one of deaths by Cholera, of *seventy-three*; it is, besides, the most favorable account that we have been able to lay before the public since the 7th of July. Almost all, if not all, the deaths by the pestilence have occurred, we believe in the upper parts of the city, above the City Hall; the lower or business parts, seem to be exempt from its attacks entirely, and from present appearances, we indulge the hope that it is fast leaving the city altogether.

A RUM 'UN.

The Editor of the Miner's Journal, publishes "for the benefit of whom it may concern," the following specimen of the *moderation* with which a certain unknown bibulous gentleman, "used up" the *rye whiskey*, at one of the hotels in that borough lately, at three sittings.

		Dr.
"Mr. ——	Oats,	56¼
	10 meals,	2 25
	80 SMALLERS,	5 00
	Lodging,	37½
		$8 18¾."

Now in these pestilent times, says the Journal, when avoidences are so powerfully inculcated, he may be pronounced a most daring and inveterate disciple of the "jolly god" who transforms himself into a river of rum, by imbibing EIGHTY SMALLERS, during what may be considered a period of three days, or even less, if his eating in any degree corresponds with his drinking propensities. This, however, we suppose, he only considers dealing in a comfortable "small way"—mere broken doses!—and when a man commences with "a drop," it is by no means certain that he will ever swallow an ocean!

TO AMATEURS.—Tuesday's American has the following paragraph:—"The amateurs of codfish, dried shad, and salt mackerel, which "smell to Heaven," are respectfully requested to go into Broad-street, a few doors above Exchange Place, where the Cholera is also to be had in lots to suit purchasers.

TROLLOPIANA.

Between the acts, on the evening of Miss KEMBLE's debut, we witnessed one of the favorable effects of Mrs. Trollope's chastisement of our manners. An unfortunate wight in the second row of Boxes, unconsciously seated himself on the front cushion, allowing his skirts to dangle in mid air, and exposing more of the wrong side of him than was altogether gratifying to the keen scenters after fun in the Pit—of a sudden an unaccountable hissing commenced—from hissing it arose to shouts—from shouts to *Trollope! Trollope! Trollope!*—All eyes were turned in the direction of the innocent offender, who must have been the only person in the house unconscious of the turmoil below—but he still discoursed very tranquilly with his friend on the seat above him, and gently moving, waved his dangling skirts as in token of his gratitude. The Pit now roared, and hissed, and bellowed, and the laughter was general throughout the House. At length the unintentional disturber finished his argument with his friend, and turning round took his seat amid plaudits that would not have discredited the best *point* in the play.

We are pleased that reform has at length commenced and the highly respectable Pit, for which the Park has ever been distinguished, will soon chase this remnant of indecorum from the Boxes. Bonnets must soon follow, but we are more disposed to let fashion gradually shut out from the Theatre this dreadfully "annoying appendage," than to run the risk of wounding the feelings of some fair creature who may have never thought nor have been told, that ten yards of silk and three sheets of pasteboard takes up just one third of the largest box, and is as impervious to the vision of the poor devils at her back as the drop curtain itself.

PAGANINI.

We learn from our late foreign papers, that this unrivalled *artiste* entertains the idea of visiting the United States. He owes to the New World an immediate knowledge and enjoyment of his genius and exquisite skill. The editor of the National Gazette, Mr. Walsh thinks he would be amply requited for the cost, risk and time of a voyage across the Atlantic. He says our diplomatic agents at the Court of St. James, could not be better employed than in negotiating with the peerless violinist; and remarks that they have in more than one instance been eager to promote objects much less interesting to the country.

DOG LAW.—The operation of this unnatural and inhuman law, in Philadelphia, is at an end, for the present season, and we hope for ever. A contemporary of that city remarks, that "*eighteen hundred and fourteen* of the canine species are captured, murdered and buried." Though many of them were probably worthless, and not a few masterless, yet we blush for the want of humanity shown in this indiscriminate slaughter of "man's best and trustiest friend," by the authorities of the city of "Brotherly love." We note with pleasure that a number got loose by accident, and escaped, and that near a hundred were ransomed by their owners.

SHOOTING STAR.—A most brilliant meteor passed over our city on Sunday evening in nearly a horizontal direction—producing a vivid glare of light, that dazzled for an instant, then plunged into darkness, and was lost forever.

Quere.—May not this be a herald of the forth coming comet, a species of advanced guard,—a vidette?—Look out wise acres!!

A newspaper entitled the "American System and Farmers' and Mechanics' Advocate" has been commenced at Princeton, N. J., by L. V. Newton, Esq.

THE LADY'S BOOK.—The prize of *two hundred* dollars, offered by the publishers of this valuable and very popular periodical, for the best original *Tale*, has been awarded by the Committee to Miss Leslie, of Philadelphia. The story is to be published in the October number of the Lady's Book. It is entitled "Mrs. Washington Potts."

Another premium was also offered of fifty dollars, for the best original poem, but the committee have declined selecting any among the pieces submitted.

Advice on the pursuits of Literature, containing Historical, Biographical and Critical Remarks, by SAMUEL L. KNAPP. New-York, J. K. PORTER, 144 Fulton-st. This work is dedicated by its author to the Mercantile Library Association of this city; and appears to possess, from the slight examination our time has hitherto permitted us to give it, considerable merit.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival at Philadelphia, of the packet *Monongahela*, and at this port, of the Liverpool packet, the *John Jay*, which left the latter port in company, London dates to the 9th, and Liverpool to the 10th of August, have been received. We give merely a summary of the news, as our papers furnish nothing of a very important character.

A battle took place between the troops of Don Pedro and Don Miguel, on the 22d and 23d of July, on the banks of the Douro, which terminated in favor of the former: no advantage accrued, however, from the victory, the want of cavalry disabling the conquerors from advancing onward. The loss in killed and wounded on the part of the invading army, does not much exceed 300, while that of their opponents, from all accounts, is more than 1200. Don Pedro still occupies Oporto.

Paris remains quiet, and the French funds continue to rise with extraordinary steadiness. M. Benoit, a commissary of the police, was shot in a duel by M. Coste, editor of the Temps journal; he expired in twenty-fours afterwards. The Duchess de Berri is still in La Vendee, and entertains no fear of being discovered.

The marriage of Prince Leopold, to Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise Marie Therese Caroline Isbelle d'Orleans, is officially announced in the Moniteur of Aug 4th, to take place on the 9th, at Compeigne. On the occasion of the marriage, King Louis Philippe is to give dowries to 16 young women, whose nuptials are to take place on the same day.

The King of Holland inspected his army on the 31st ult. at the Hague. The regulars amount to 120,000 men, which can at any time be increased by the 100,000 of the Landstroem. The Dutch Journals, however, still expected peace on the King's own terms.

It is said the new King of Greece, Prince Otho, of Bavaria, will on taking possession of his throne, receive the hand of the sister of the Emperor of Russia. The Princess is not celebrated for her charms, and the Prince has been pronounced by Lord A. Fitzclarence, to be one of the ugliest men he had ever seen.

GREAT TROTTING MATCHES.

We call the attention of our friends, fond of witnessing the sports of the Turf, to the notice in our advertising columns of the matches which will come off next month on the Centreville Trotting Course, Long Island.

The Match between Dread and Cato, for $2000, will excite strong interest. They are both known to be first rate and tried horses. They were matched last May and trotted in harness in company with Kate Kearney over the same Course. Their powers are so well known and their friends so numerous, that we may expect first rate sport.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The Cincinnati Daily Advertiser pays the following tribute to the dying Baronet:—

Next to Shakspeare, Sir Walter Scott is perhaps the greatest genius that has adorned the English language. Avoiding literary quarrels, he has enjoyed the highest literary reputation. He holds the throne by election, and was elected unanimously. Without any of the little jealousy which has so often disgraced even the highest talents, he has ever been willing to give to all his contemporaries a "heaped up measure of justice." He possesses the loftiest imagination without any of the eccentricities which so often accompany it; it is guided by the shrewdest sense, and a profound knowledge of the world.

Because he has great genius, he claims none of its immunities to apologise for vice or sanction folly. All his faculties are happily balanced. His have not been the erratic wanderings of the meteor, but the steadiness of the fixed star. He is great and he is good. The affectionate father, the tender husband, and the firm friend, he delights in the happiness of all around him, and does all he can, playfully and artlessly, to promote it. He is said to be unassuming, and ever willing and ready to yield to others; without bad feeling of any kind, he has not all his illustrious contemporaries.

When Byron (who had slandered him) died, Scott paid a glorious tribute to his memory—like Fisher Ames, at the tomb of Hamilton, "his heart grew liquid as he wrote, and he poured it forth like water." Gifted with so good a heart, and such a godlike intellect, he will be gathered to his fathers with the admiration of the whole civilized world tributary at his tomb, and with the consciousness, best of all in the closing scene, that he has written no line

"Which dying he would wish to blot."

MAKING LOVE IN AFRICA.—Previous to marriage there appears to be more jealousy than after. When two candidates declare themselves for one lady, and are allowed to pay their visits—(which, however, never extend beyond the inner court, when the solicited lady turns her back, and the lover talks to the mother)—each watches the motions of the other, but by stealth, for such proceeding is considered very ill bred. To be correct, one Lover should enter while the other is urging his suit, unconscious of his intrusion.—Both affect great surprise at the appearance of a rival; and the dagger, which they carry on the left arm, are instantly unsheathed. Sometimes after a parley, one of them declares his affection goes not so far as to fight for his mistress, in which case, the bolder gallant turns him quickly out of the court. It oftener happens that they both fight desperately for a few minutes, and the victor of course wins the day and the lady.—*Denham and Clapperton's Discoveries in Africa.*

POUGHKEEPSIE, Sept. 19.—*The first Whale Ship.*—The Vermont, a good and substantial vessel, recently purchased by the Poughkeepsie Whaling Company, arrived alongside the wharf at this place last Sunday night. She will be fitted for sea with all convenient speed. Her destination is the Pacific Ocean, for sperm whale.

MELANCHOLY.—Last evening, about eight o'clock, a respectable gentleman, about 35 years of age, repaired to the bath at the Battery, for the purpose, as was supposed, of bathing. After a few moments, the discharge of a pistol was heard; and the proprietor repairing to the box just entered by said person, found that he had put an end to his existence, by discharging the contents of a pistol through his heart.—*Gazette.*

A major of militia, somewhere in Pennsylvania, who had recently been elected, and who was not overburthened with brains, took it into his head, on the morning of parade, to go out and exercise a little by himself. The field selected for this purpose was his own stoop. Placing himself in a military attitude, with sword drawn, he exclaimed, "Attention the whole! Rear rank, three paces back!" He immediately retreated three paces and tumbled down cellar! His wife, hearing the noise he occasioned in falling, came running out, and asked, "My dear, have you killed yourself?" "Go into the house, woman," said the Major; "what do you know about war?"

Among the many mistakes into which foreigners have been betrayed, when learning the English language, the following, which recently occurred, is not the least whimsical. A young German, wishing to acquire elegance, as well as correctness of phrase, and not liking the meaning of the term "put out the candle," used the word "extinguish." A few days afterwards, a dog annoyed the young foreigner very much, on which, turning to his servant, ordered him to "extinguish dat dog!"

An imprudent fellow quizzing a gunsmith on the Strand, asked him whether a curious pistol which he saw in the window, would go off. To which the gunsmith replied, "To a certainty, if it were within your reach!"

NEW COUNTERFEITS.

Look out for counterfeit $10 notes on the Commercial and Farmers Bank, Baltimore: also $5, of the Bank of Baltimore, and $10's of the Harrisburgh Bank.

BURKING ON AN IMPROVED PLAN.

The Philadelphians have always enjoyed an enviable distinction for their efforts in the advancement of science, but we were not aware until we read the following article, that their zeal in the March of Intellect had so depopulated their church yards, that they were reduced to the necessity of *catching* "respectable seamstresses" while walking their streets for the purpose of dissection. However, we simple-minded New-Yorkers are behind the times, and are ignorant of the world and its usages. We cannot but fear for the morals of their dogs—if they teach them such ingenious tricks. The fate of "poor Tray" is no joke.

"On Monday evening, about 8 o'clock, as a young woman was passing in Fifth street, she observed a man standing near the corner with a dog, around whose neck a rope was fastened. As she approached him he gave a shrill whistle;—at which the animal started, and describing a circle once or twice directly around the woman, coiled the rope about her feet, upon which the man gave a quick pull, and threw his victim with great force and violence into the gutter. Her neck was severely lacerated by the fall, and her right arm entirely disabled by a painful sprain or fracture. The villain who caused the accident, by design as it is firmly believed, made no manifestations of sympathy or regret,—but laughed loudly and incessantly during the whole transaction. The woman, we understand, was unable to identify her assailant, who made off with his canine accomplice, as speedily as possible. She was a respectable seamstress, and was at the time returning home. The whole circumstance looks very much like premeditated violence—or deliberate *Burking*. A reward should be offered for the apprehension of so bold a scoundrel.—*Phil. Am. Sentinel.*

MR. KEPPEL.

This gentleman very unfortunately made his debut at the Park, by attempting the part of Fazio, to Miss Kemble's Bianca, without having been allowed sufficient time to even commit his part to memory. He did this at the urgent solicitation of the manager, and believing it was desired by Mr. and Miss Kemble.—The play itself was new, and the audience wholly unaware of the unpropitious circumstances of his situation. He made sad work—halted—lost himself, and was hissed. The press attacked him, and the innocent gentleman was well nigh annihilated—at least so far as his reputation as an actor is concerned.

Mr. Keppel has appealed to the public—stated his case, and we hope will be allowed a second hearing. If the gentleman really possesses dramatic powers, the just judgment of the public will render him ample compensation for the injuries they innocently inflicted, and will cheerfully reverse their judgment of his talents. We believe Mr. Keppel is an injured man—but he has appealed to the proper tribunal, and he need not fear the result.

PHRENOLOGY.—Our Boston friends are enjoying Dr. Spurzheim's illustrations of his favorite science. We hope this distinguished gentleman will revisit our city and teach us the "locality of our wits" and we will not take it amiss if he even creates a bump or so, if twill add any thing to our editorial noddle. Our "entire craft" need his assistance—for what with Cholera to blunt their scintillations, and the Kembles to confuse them, their stock of available bumps have become so mingled and ill assorted, that we are sincerely apprehensive that unless they employ the learned Doctor to set them to rights, a chaos will occur, to which "old Chaos" was a "mere priming."

The Boston Courier of the 17th, says, "On Monday evening, Dr. Spurzheim gave his Introductory Lecture at the Atheneum Hall. The audience was not very numerous, but was composed of ladies and gentlemen of a high character for intelligence and intellectual acquirements.—We observed many of the most respectable medical professors and several clergymen among the number. The Lecture was entertaining, and promised instruction as well as amusement to those who attend the contemplated course. The second will be given this evening, at the same place.

A DUEL.—The violent party feeling in Charleston, gave rise to a duel between Thos. A. Gaillard and Geo. Robertson, Esqrs. At the late corporate election, Mr. Gaillard challenged the vote of Gov. Hamilton, which Mr. Robertson conceiving to be intended as an insult, insulted Mr. Gaillard. A challenge ensued: two shots were exchanged without effect, when by the interference of the seconds, a reconciliation took place on an honorable basis to both parties, Mr. Gaillard disclaiming the purpose of insulting Gov. Hamilton, and Mr. Robertson withdrawing the offence to Mr. Gaillard, as given altogether under that supposition.—*Richmond Whig.*

MISTAKING A CUSTOMER.—Last June, a young buck of the city, was journeying through Worcester Co. and endeavored to show himself off by quizzing the farmers. He was passing a field of corn, which a boy was hoeing. The season had been cold and backward, and the corn looked rather yellow. The young dandy stuck his head out of the window of the stage and bawled out, "Boy, what makes your corn look so yellow?" The boy raised up his head and bawled out in return, "Why, we planted *yaller corn*, you darned fool you!"—*Boston Atlas.*

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK.

This has been a proud week for the Park—the proudest since its erection, and in all probability the proudest it will ever boast.

On Monday night Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE made his first bow before an American audience. The house at an early hour was completely filled—expectation had been so long on tip toe that this was anticipated, and had the effect to prevent the usual proportion of ladies appearing in the dress circles. Still the character of the audience gave flattering testimony of its just appreciation of the stranger,—and the intense eagerness glistening in every every eye to look on "a Kemble," betokened the favorable disposition of the thronged house.

Mr. KEMBLE appeared in Hamlet. His reception was all his warmest admirers could wish. He profoundly acknowledged the enthusiasm of the house, with an expression of countenance that needed no interpreter to tell of the gratification of the heart. The play proceeded, and the house soon hushed into *tolerable* silence.

To criticise Mr. KEMBLE's Hamlet would be quite ridiculous—we hardly know how to describe it even. One idea forcibly impressed us—that for the first time in our lives we recognised on the stage the same Hamlet whom we read of in Shakspeare. Of all the heroes of the immortal bard Hamlet is the most ideal—but in Mr. KEMBLE, we beheld personified that dreamy impression of the princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility, the sport of circumstances, and questioning with fortune, and refining on his own feelings,—the philosophical speculator—the great moralizer—the amiable misanthrope, plotting schemes of vengeance for the murder of his father. Nothing can be more perfect—it was a treat, an intellectual treat of the highest order. The readings of course were fine—the attitudes, gestures and modulations of voice were wholly inimitable. It is a common remark that strangers seldom give sufficient compass to their voice to fill this Theatre on their first appearance, and it was a source of regret to many that some of the finest passages were rendered by Mr. KEMBLE in so low a tone as to be nearly lost to the greater portion of the audience. The cast of this play was well: we gladly do Mr. Richings the justice to say that his Laertes did him more credit than any thing he has done this twelvemonth—this is no mean praise, for Mr. R. is popular and deservedly so. Barry's Ghost was highly creditable. The exquisitely touching character of Ophelia was given to Miss Clara Fisher: the Queen to Mrs. Sharpe, and Polonious to Placide—they each rendered them with that tact and taste for which each are distinguished. Horatio was in the hands of the Manager, and though some find fault with his gay dress, we are free to confess we saw less to condemn, and more to praise than has been our wont. Wilkinson "did" the Grave digger, and 'twas well done, we trust soon to see abolished the disgusting sight of the digger's wardrobe,—the waistcoats are now reduced to four,—they have been as many as a baker's dozen—thirteen.

On Tuesday evening we witnessed the triumphant debut of MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

She appeared in the character of Bianca, in Millman's tragedy of Fazio—a part that will completely test the powers of any actress, and in which none but one of rare endowments can hope to win even faint applause.

The house filled at an early hour. The curtain rose—revealing a scholar's apartment, in which were seated a gentleman and a lady. For the instant, there was a doubt who the simply attired maiden could be—so busied with her needle and her head half concealed. She turned—the doubt vanished, and the beauteous stranger was received with most enthusiastic tokens of welcome.

The unfeigned modesty that marked her acknowledgement of the compliment, won every heart and renewed again and again the deafening applause.

The play proceeded. From the first to the fourth act every expectation was fulfilled, great as they truly were. All were satisfied, and pronounced her the talented—the unrivalled Miss KEMBLE.

The fourth act passed and their admiration grew to wonder. The fifth came—the slightest whisper would have been heard throughout the house—the audience were entranced and stiffened into silence—a mighty miracle was being acted—the beau ideal of the god-like passion had quickened into life and was embodied in the sublime exhibition before them.

The effect was entirely beyond what we thought within the compass of human powers. You could hear no criticism—no questioning about reading and points—but one feeling pervaded the whole house, from pit to highest gallery, and that was ASTONISHMENT.

We can say little more of this wonderous woman. Our contemporaries have literally robbed the Dictionary of every word that conveys the slightest semblance of admiration, and however poorly mere words express the universal rapture, even they have been so "dished up" in every variety adulatory form, that we may rack our brain to madness, and still fail to coin a new expression of humble praise. But new or old—stale or fresh, we could not refrain from joining in the "grand chorus" with Miss KEMBLE's admirers.

Her success has been complete. Nothing could enhance or take from it. Miss KEMBLE stands before the American public completely unrivalled, and far, far excelling any actress whom we ever saw.

In person Miss FANNY KEMBLE is rather under than over the common height of females. Her figure is slight, not delicate, but beautifully rounded into womanhood, and graceful in the extreme. Her complexion is dark, but so exceedingly transparent that when we see the "quick end current" rushing home to her heart, and the strong passions flashing through her form, she seems a beautiful embodied storm." Her features are of the Italian cast, very intelligent, and of wonderful flexibility—expressing the emotions of the soul with a faithfulness that startles you with its vivid truth. Her mouth is large, with lips tremulous and expressive, now bursting into smiles—now curling into scorn, yet completely subservient to the mind and quick to obey. Her teeth brilliant and regular. Her forehead low and badly exposed. Her brow broad, commanding and almost severe. Her eye—ah, her eye! that alone would make her beautiful—whether filled with love and tenderness or flashing with madness and pride—the soul shines through it and it twinkles with intelligence as radiant as a sunbeam. Her voice is deep-toned, but of varied cadence, yet resembling more the melancholy note of the mourning ring-dove, than the lark "whose notes do beat the vaulty heaven so high above our heads."

The person of Mr. KEMBLE is more of the heroic order. He is large, justly proportioned, tall, stately and well moulded. Every movement, every gesture, betrays the breeding of a gentleman. His attitudes are bold and classically correct. Age has left fewer impresses on his countenance than we expected to see and the elasticity of his step betokens a constitution firm and enduring. His head is finely formed and his features chiselled into an expression of manly beauty. His voice unbroken and touching—modulated to express every tone of feeling, but of limited compass.

THE AMERICAN.

The friends of this Theatre will excuse the merely passing notice which we are compelled to take of the performances during the week past.—It could hardly have been expected that we should visit the Bowery when such irresistible attractions have been offered at the Park. However we looked in on Thursday evening and found a full house—listening with evident pleasure to Mr. Hamblin's Jaffier and Miss Clifton's Belvidera. We were happy to see that neither had lost the power of winning golden opinions, by their late severe indispositions, and doubt not a few evening's "exercise" will restore them to the full possession of their unquestioned dramatic powers.—The local drama of Old Jonathan closed the entertainment. We did not see it, but we hear favorable reports of the improvements which it has undergone since its first exhibition. 'Tis a laughable thing—if for nothing but its local interest.

LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA.

"Mankind is a miserable dog," soliloquized Bonneau, as he leaned against a tree in Chesnut street. "Yes, a miserable dog; and life—what is life? why that's a miserable dog too. I have been threatening to reform any time these 10 years and I hav nt began the work yet. Yes, mankind's a miserable dog. Here I am smashed as usual. Ask for me at 12 o'clock at night, and you'll find me smashed all to pieces. It's too bad, that's a fact. Now to-morrow morning I'll be sulky for an hour or two, and swear to pass the reform bill for the benefit of my constitution. But at night, the reform bill is laid under the table. But thank my good luck, these watchmen never get me. I should not like to figure in a police report. No, no I should'nt like that."

"What should'nt you like mounsheer?"

"You—I don't like you."

"You're boozy my lark. You're eyes snap and crack like a burnt boot."

"No aspersions, you scamp. No aspersions; my character is a delicate affair, and must not be assailed."

"Oh very delicate. It won't bear handling.—But you should keep sober."

"No impudence. I'll tip you a Mendoza if you are saucy. If I hit you a body blow, you will heave and set like a ram tied to a garden gate."

"Well then, let's see you walk a crack in the twistified fashion, foot over foot."

"So I can; you must'nt laugh though."

"No, I'll be as grave as a jackass."

"Stand aside. Here goes," said Bonneau, attempting to run. The watch put out his foot, and down came Bonny.

"Aha, my friend, no tricks upon travellers.—You're cotch'd."

"I see my decline and fall," sighed Bonneau, as he rolled over on his back. "My fate cries out, and I am a prey to the law."

"Get up then and behave nice. Take my advice for the future, and reform. You are not sowing flowers in your path, my boy."

"No, indeed," said Bonny, sitting up and looking at his pantaloons, which were injured by the fall. "But I wish somebody was sowing my tares. My pantys are tearified. I am a tearer to the whole family."

"Must I carry you, or will you walk?"

"I will walk, sir, help us up."

Bonny was fined.

CATCHING A TARTAR.—Peter Benin came running to the watch, and informed him that Elic Dodds was tipsey, and was kicking up a row at their joint home. The watch, knowing that kicking up a row was not the thing in a civilized community, trotted off to "reddle the fray." Into the house he bolted, and discovered said Elic dancing about in a paroxysm of rye whiskey.

"Elic, you're my prisoner."

"Not a good watchey! It wont fit," said Elic, seizing the shovel and brandishing it over his head. The watch manœuvred to seize him, and succeeded after receiving several raps over the back. In the morning, Peter Benin laid the charge of intoxication against his friend, and called the watch as evidence.

Question.—"Was Elic intoxicated?"

Watch.—"Yes, sir, and so was Peter." Peter's jaw dropped, and he looked the picture of astonishment.

Magistrate.—"Both Peter and Elic will therefore pay the usual fine."

Exeunt Peter and Elic.

DELIGHTFUL FRAGRANCE. According to the Barnstable Patriot, those distinguished animals, usually denominated *Skunks*, have been unusually troublesome in that vicinity lately. They even enter the dwelling houses of the inhabitants "and push them from their stools." This looks ominous.

ITALIAN PROVERB. He who *knows* nothing at thirty, *does* nothing at forty, and *has* nothing at fifty, never will know, do, or have anything.

CONUNDRUM.—Why is a man's foot in a tight shoe like a drunkard in a grog shop? D'ye give it up? Because it's getting corned.

ANECDOTE.—The following is found in an ancient history of Connecticut. Soon after the settlement of New Haven, several persons went over to what is now the town of Milford, where, finding the soil very good, they were desirous to effect a settlement; but the premises were in the peaceable possession of the Indians, and some conscientious scruples arose as to the propriety of deposing and expelling them. To test the case a Church meeting was called, and the matter determined by the solemn vote of that sacred body. After several speeches had been made in relation to the subject, they proceeded to pass votes—the first was the following:—Voted, that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. This passed in the affirmative, and, "Voted that the earth is given to the saints."—This was also determined like the former—*nem. con.*—3d. "Voted, that we are the saints," which passed without a dissenting voice, the title was considered indisputable, and the Indians were soon compelled to evacuate the place and relinquish the possession to the rightful owners.

A negro, with an enviable pouting lip, flat nose, in fact of real Guinea stamp, whose phiz looked more like a caricature than an original, sat under a hill fishing. A mischievous boy, attracted by the comical appearance of Cuffee, procured a fresh quid of tobacco, and dropped it directly on the poor fellow's under lip.

"What ya bout da? Ya see what ya do! I had ya hes, I'd come up da and knock beff ya eyes into next forf o' July, ya young scoundrel! I no take it off, no, I takit rite strate and show it to ya fader."

POLICE REPORTS.

LONDON.

RURAL SIMPLICITY.—At the Mansion House, Edward Walsh, an attorney's apprentice, and son of a farmer, who resides at Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, was charged with being the father of an illegitimate child, by Rosa Hunt. The Somersetshire parish officers stated, that they had followed the defendant to town—he having, to the surprise of his neighbors, cut and run, altho' possessed of abundant means of discharging the incidental expenses. Upon being apprehended, he said that he would take his oath that he was not the father of the child, and that the whole matter was a mistake.

The Lord Mayor—"What did he mean by a mistake? Does he mean to say that the girl is mistaken in saying that she is pregnant?"

The Officer—"No, my Lord; but he says she is mistaken in supposing him to be the father, although she swears that he is the only man she ever knew intimately, and she is believed by every one."

The Lord Mayor—"I am sorry to see that in the country they are very clever at some of our worst town tricks."

The defendant said that he did not mean to impute to the girl the vice of indiscriminate prostitution, but she certainly had in this matter confounded him with another person. The mistake arose out of an odd circumstance. They had been at a "hop" together one night, where a great deal of jovial work went forward, and the elder and gooseberry wine passed round rather too quickly. In the midst of the fun Rosa promised to make him happy; and a friend of his, one Thomas Morris, who was of the company, obtained a similar promise from another girl. It happened that the two young women were so overpowered by the liquor as not to be able to distinguish between the persons of their lovers, who, by the way of a lark, agreed to exchange sweethearts, so that Tom Morris became the father of the child. The other girl proved more lucky, but she knew nothing yet of the mistake.

Rosa Hunt said that the story was trumped up for the purpose of throwing a slur upon her oath. It was true she had been induced to drink, or she would not have committed the other error, but she was not so far gone as not to know the defendant's voice.

The Lord Mayor—"Were you so far gone as not to see him?"

Rosa—"The night was dark as pitch, so that the four of us fell into a slough before we got home." (Laughter.)

The Defendant—"And then it was that Tom Morris and I changed girls again, but the mischief was done before that. If the child was mine, I would not let any man pay a halfpenny towards its support; but I do not fancy being a father, when, by the virtue of my oath, I never touched the mother. Now tell the truth, Rosa—has not Tom Morris been always after you since the accident?"

Rosa—"He was after me before it, but you know I preferred you; but you are a pair of bad ones, and I can to-morrow get a better than either of you—but one or the other of you must pay for the child, I am sure I do not care which."

The Lord Mayor—"Well, upon my word, both ladies and gentlemen are a very instructive sample of rustic simplicity, and have contrived to bring to town a case which is quite hard enough to puzzle a Lord Mayor. But what does Mr Tom Morris say to this? He seems to be a necessary evidence."

The officers said that Mr. Morris, upon being questioned upon the subject, declared that as a man of honor he considered himself bound to be silent—(a laugh.) Upon being pressed, he said he was not aware that on the night in question any thing had occurred between him and the young ladies of a *more particular kind* than usual, except falling into the ditch.

The Lord Mayor—"I fear it will be difficult to fix the paternity in this case."

The Officer—"The girl swears the voice was that of the defendant."

The Defendant—"That is all nonsense. Tom imitated my voice, and we were all tipsey together. I will subpœna him, and have an oath out of him at any rate—it is too bad that I should be charged with another's brats."

The Lord Mayor—"You richly deserve it. The deception was a base one, and it was you that proposed it, but in my opinion it did not succeed. The women are much more cunning in their cups than the men; and you may depend upon it that though you thought you had the wrong woman, she had the right man—(laughter.) Go home, young man, and bring up your child properly and religiously—you see what fools the women can make of us in the broad light of day! How then do you think we can escape them in the dark?"

The officers then accompanied the defendant from the Justice room; but it was generally believed that an immediate settlement would save the Bench Magistrates the ridiculous form of confirming the paternity.

SAUL KNAPP'S COURTSHIP.

In a very amusing article entitled "Saul Knapp—or the Life of a Yankee," published in Buckingham's Magazine, we find the following sketch of one of Saul's amatory visits—which, however was his first and last, directed to that quarter.—We will state, for the benefit of our readers, however, that Saul did, eventually, take to himself a wife—that he made a capital husband, and by his yankee calculation and perseverance, amassed wealth, and became popular and influential.

Eunice Moray had long looked with approving eye, at Saul; and if "she never told her love," she did not let "concealment, like a worm i' the bud," pale her cheek—she looked daggers if she spoke none. Suppose yourself, then, reader, peeping into the apartment which served the family of farmer Moray for kitchen parlor and all—the farmer himself, looking as if he had been taking Rip Van Winkle's nap, discussing a pipe, and old Mrs. Moray watching the evolutions of an immense spinning wheel, whose harmonious hum gladdened the heart of the night-farers far around with its note of comfort and home. Suppose the gentle Eunice seated on one end of what had once been a fine maple, but which now furnished at once a primitive seat, while the other extremity, blazing in the ample fire, diffused both warmth and light through the apartment. The light was aided by the beams of a dipt tallow candle, that stuck to the back of a chair by a fork, shed its rays upon the maiden's labors, as she put the last finishing touches of art to a blue woolen stocking with a white toe, destined, as may be inferred, for no other foot than her honest sire's. From the rafters above swung the usual ornaments of peppers and YARBS; and many a pendant cup and platter, of polished delft or shining tin, reflected back the beam of the single luminary. Blue ware and japanned pepper-boxes, iron candlesticks and a duck gun, formed the paraphernalia of the mantlepiece, all arranged in what is called very good taste, manifesting at once that there was the wherewithal, and what Father Paulus terms the "how-withal."

Now, reader, suppose our friend Saul showing himself into this comfortable nook, with very much the air of one, who, like Leon, "had stole a hen," and seating himself upon the extreme end of the log which Eunice occupied. The usual compliments passed, and the usual queries made. Saul, while he ponders a fit subject to begin the converse sweet amuses himself with counting the drops of tallow, as they fell from the aforesaid dipt candle on the floor, and in picking the superfluous wool from his new hat. The old people, thinking most properly that it belonged to the young folks "*faire le frais de la conversation*," took no further notice of Saul, who sat dumb as the statue of silence. Although courtship in those parts, did not then, nor does it now, manifest itself in many words, Eunice, probably, wondered at her lover's extreme bashfulness; but putting it all to account of her own charms, waited till love should break the spell. Meantime the evening waned and waned. The old farmer finished his pipe, kicked his brogues into a corner, and stumped off to bed. Mrs. Moray, considerately remembering the time when she herself SPARKED, soon followed, and the lovers were left alone. But still, not a word spake Saul. As if possessed of a dumb spirit, he sat gazing on the candle in hope to catch a spark of inspiration thence; but none came. The tallow burned out and was replenished; and by the time its successor had burned to its last flicker, the maiden, tired of so silent a spark, fell asleep. At last the light went out—the fire went out—why to make a short story long? Saul,—what could he do else?—followed their example, and went out too.

LANGUAGE OF THE PESTLE AND MORTAR.—That wicked satirist, Dr. Wolcott—*alias* Peter Pindar, who not having the fear of Royalty before his eyes, dared even to write irreverently of his Majesty George III, anent the apple dumplings and other laughable matters, used frequently to relate, that when a young man, and engaged in his uncle's labaratory, his fancy imputed a language to the mortars, at which it was his daily task to labor.—"Whenever," says he, "I was using the large marble one, I thought it repeated the words, Linger-'em long! Linger-'em long! But when the little brass one was rung upon, by the pestle, it cried, Kill 'em quick! Kill 'em quick!

An Irishman who asked a teacher of music how much he charged for lessons, was informed, $6 for the first month and 3 for the second. Then I will come the *second* month, said Pat.

CHALLENGE RENEWED.

We received during the past week the following letter from our Chittenango correspondents relative to their Challenge, "Sweet Brier against the World." Mr. JAMES MEEKS, of Albany, some time since accepted this Challenge, if the proprietors of Sweet Brier would run on the Troy road and carry "catch weight."

The only difference between the gentlemen seems to consist in the choice of Courses and the Catch Weights and Catch Riders. The proprietors of Sweet Brier propose compromising the difference of Courses, and "meet half way," and at the same time insist that both horses shall be rode by boys, as Catch *Riders*, not *Weights*.

We seize this occasion to make one remark to our Sporting friends. We most cheerfully open our columns to all challenges and acceptances in every variety of sports, but cannot as responsible Editors, surrender the right of suppressing all personal reflections on the individual character of the parties. Courtesy of bearing is never more becoming than between contending Sportsmen, and it shall ever be our study to encourage that course of conduct which will most contribute to harmony and gentlemanly deportment.

To the Editors of the Spirit of the Times.

GENTLEMEN:—In our notice of "SWEET BRIER against the World," for a single quarter, carrying 112 pounds, or Catch Riders, on the Sullivan Course, we did not suppose that any gentleman Sportsman would condescend to answer us in the style and manner of Mr. JAMES MEEKS. This gentleman, the public will observe, has offered to run on the Troy road, carrying "Catch Weight," he has substituted the word *Weight for Rider*, thereby wishing it to be understood that he is the mighty man who has dared to accept the challenge of the Western Champion.

This Catch Weight the public will understand is a mere finesse of running a horse without a rider,—one who is trained not to leave the score until he gets full a length ahead, and then his play is to skip into the track of his antagonist, and by foul play maintain his advantages.

We would now inform Mr. MEEKS, of 493 S. Market-street, Albany, that it is ruleable to meet a "Boxing Master" half way; we will therefore meet him on the Sand Flats, in Montgomery County, and run SWEET BRIER sixty or eighty rods, for no less than *Three or Five Hundred Dollars*, against any horse, mare, or gelding, that he may think proper to procure, carrying a Catch Rider, which shall be a boy, and we will do the same; the horses to start on a lap, each horse to run in his own track, and the horse first out to win the money.

GEORGE EHLE.
JACOB LOWER.

Chittenango, Madison Co., N. Y. Sept. 12, 1832.

A Jockey Club has been recently organized at Tallahassee, Florida, called *The Tallahasse Jockey Club*.

The rules and orders of the Maryland Jockey Club, have been generally adopted, with slight alterations.

OFFICERS.

Major ROMEO LEWIS, President.
Dr. LEWIS WILLIS, 1st Vice President.
WILLIS ALSTON, Esq., 2d do.
Capt. THOMAS BROWN, Secretary & Collector.
RICHARD HAYWARD, Esq., Treasurer.

The first race will commence on the third Wednesday in December next, and continue for four days. The track will be in fine order, and will bear a comparison with the best courses in the Union. The purse will be good on each day.

THOMAS BROWN, Sec'y.

Tallahasse, July 10, 1832.

From the American Turf Register.

ANECDOTE.—In a village in Virginia not long since, two black boys agreed to run their master's carriage horses a quarter, according to a novel expedient of their own—to start at the same moment at equidistances from a common centre, where there was a post. There the two horses came in contact—their heads met, and both fell dead on the spot. The boys escaped unhurt.—Such accidents are not uncommon on the course during the Carnival at Rome, where the horses run without riders, propelled by pricking balls, suspended against their sides by ribbons across their back.

ANECDOTE.—In a small village of Virginia, the main street of which is so admirably adapted to quarter racing, the temptation is irresistible; and they are so frequent that, in a recent instance, unknown to the different parties, two quarter races were started from the different ends of the street nearly at the same moment—the two parties met about mid-way—the riders came in contact, and nothing but superior horsemanship prevented serious injury.

A fine filly, by Johanna, owned by Mr. Roane, at Richmond, Va. lately sold for $2,500 cash—one there three years old, same breed, sold for $3,000.

From an ... English Sport...
Letter from Eclipse, at ... Fergus ...
CANNONS, M...
Dear Son,—I ... and am safe arrived i... place. My situation ... man; I was once the ... but old age hath come ... King Fergus, when I ... carriage from Epsom to ... walk even so short a ... well as every dog, has ... mine. I have outlived ... late Duke of Cumberl... Colonel, with whom I ... must not repine—I am ... much for what I can do, ... and with the satisfact... present master will ne... of the *high mettled race*...
I am glad to hear m... performs so well in Ire... the rest of my progeny ... of their grandsire.
P. S. Myself, Dun... Vertumnus, are all here... shire horses.

MATCH AGAINST T... match against time w... Mr. Wm. Bolton, a ... Horncastle, who under... not a very light one,) fr... coln, to the Corn-mark... of twenty-one miles, ... herculean task, by a pe... stone and a half, was p... tonishment of his fellow... and forty minutes. T... Atkins, £10 to £5 aga... *glish paper.*

AMERICAN ...

Lewis and Clarke, ... found to the west of th... that they appear to be ... elegantly formed, activ... them appear like fine ... them are pied, with la... larly scattered, and int... bay; the greater part, ... color, marked with sta... sembling in fleetness a... form and color, the be... nia. The natives suffi... the plains, the grass ... only winter subsistence ... trouble to lay in a winte... standing they will, unl... on the dry grass afford... winter. The plains ... by rain, and the grass ... thin. The natives, ex... Mountains, appear to ... those of the male hor... those of that class app... ent. Whether the hor... of this country, or not, ... pear to be perfectly we... this animal.

Horses are said to b... of this extensive count... Shoshonees who resid... waters of the Multom... one of them called Sh... number of mules, whic... highly than horses. ... purchased of the nativ... paltry trinkets, whi... would not cost in ... the... abundance and the cl... extremely advantage... after attempt the for ... the way of Columbia ...

The MONTREAL R... Board of Health, to b... having arrived, and ... ous to the order, the ... on with them. The ... horses, raised in the ... Farquhar, Mr. M'Con... and Mr. Shay. An ... former. The second ... Purse of £75, and a ... Town's Waverly an... won by the latter. ... Dandie Dinmont, an... John.

EXTRAORDINARY ... Tuesday afternoon, ... for a considerable b... Barracks at Piersh... Seat and back, in 2... ground. Besides th... Capt. had relays sta... commenced his ascen... of Parson's Green, d... wall of the hill, whic... Having quickly remo... the marsh at a rattl... broken ground, whi... in a most dashing st... elevation of 800 feet, ... difficult even to foot ... of his brother officers ... Declining refreshme... menced his descent, ... ingly from the cheer... the situation of the ... extreme peril, but h... reached the lower g... when he again took ... before, and in fine s... minutes 40 seconds. ... ground is considered, ... the perpendicular, th... the danger of the d... must be held as one ... cord.—*Caledonian ...*

Turkish Cure ...

Letter from Con. F... Affairs at Consta... Sporting Magaz... ment of Founder ... rinary Surgeons. ANCIENT CHALLENGE...

Dear Sir,—There ... "judges of horse fle... sions to that sort of ... however to relate wh... knowing, it is well ... in the world to throw ...

Some time ago I ... the bazaar, for which ... or fifty dollars. S... that price, as you ma... dred piastres, buy la... man need to be asha... was much pleased ... moval from Buyurd... was rode very hard ... Thana, a distance ... was permitted to s... two hours, without ... about; consequentl... right fore leg, so th...

I sent for a T... tends the sultan's h... nounced the horse ... bled in the inside ... nipper on his nose ... up the left fore leg, ... gave it to an attend... into the vein a little ... took from it about ... blood—the vein ble... he had taken enoug... opposite side of th... into a vein above t... blood exuded and ... vein instantly ceas... novelty in this, be... find, that opening ... would stop both ... is the fact, for I w...

He desired that ... day, that he should ... lence until he w... diseased limb the ... which I added a p... dry, and walked a... blankets; the sa... day, which was ... time disappeared... the first rubbing ...

THE PARK.

This has been a proud week for the Park—the proudest since its erection, and in all probability the proudest it will ever boast.

On Monday night Mr. Charles Kemble made his first bow before an American audience. The house at an early hour was completely filled—expectation had been so long on tip toe that this was anticipated, and had the effect to prevent the usual proportion of ladies appearing in the dress circles. Still the character of the audience gave flattering testimony of its just appreciation of the stranger,—and the intense eagerness glistening in every every eye to look on "a Kemble," betokened the favorable disposition of the thronged house.

Mr. Kemble appeared in Hamlet. His reception was all his warmest admirers could wish. He profoundly acknowledged the enthusiasm of the house, with an expression of countenance that needed no interpreter to tell of the gratification of the heart. The play proceeded, and the house soon hushed into *tolerable* silence.

To criticise Mr. Kemble's Hamlet would be quite ridiculous—we hardly know how to describe it even. One idea forcibly impressed us—that for the first time in our lives we recognised on the stage the same Hamlet whom we read of in Shakspeare. Of all the heroes of the immortal bard Hamlet is the most ideal—but in Mr. Kemble, we beheld personified that dreamy impression of the princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility, the sport of circumstances, and questioning with fortune, and refining on his own feelings,—the philosophical speculator—the great moralizer—the amiable misanthrope, plotting schemes of vengeance for the murder of his father. Nothing can be more perfect—it was a treat, an intellectual treat of the highest order. The readings of course were fine—the attitudes, gestures and modulations of voice were wholly inimitable. It is a common remark that strangers seldom give sufficient compass to their voice to fill this Theatre on their first appearance, and it was a source of regret to many that some of the finest passages were rendered by Mr. Kemble in so low a tone as to be nearly lost to the greater portion of the audience. The cast of this play was well; we gladly do Mr Richings the justice to say that his Laertes did him more credit than any thing he has done this twelvemonth—this is no mean praise, for Mr. R. is popular and deservedly so. Barry's Ghost was highly creditable. The exquisitely touching character of Ophelia was given to Miss Clara Fisher; the Queen to Mrs. Sharpe, and Polonious to Placide—they each rendered them with that tact and taste for which each are distinguished. Horatio was in the hands of the Manager, and though some find fault with his gay dress, we are free to confess we saw less to condemn, and more to praise than has been our wont. Wilkinson "did" the Grave digger and 'twas well done; we trust soon to see abolished the disgusting sight of the "digger's" wardrobe,—the waistcoats are now reduced to four,—they have been as many as a baker's dozen—thirteen.

On Tuesday evening we witnessed the triumphant debut of Miss Fanny Kemble.

She appeared in the character of Bianca, in Millman's tragedy of Fazio—a part that will completely test the powers of any actress, and in which none but one of rare endowments can hope to win even faint applause.

The house filled at an early hour. The curtain rose—revealing a scholar's apartment, in which were seated a gentleman and a lady. For the instant, there was a doubt who the simply attired maiden could be—so busied with her needle and her head half concealed. She turned—the doubt vanished, and the beauteous stranger was received with most enthusiastic tokens of welcome.

The unfeigned modesty that marked her acknowledgement of the compliment, won every heart and renewed again and again the deafening applause.

The play proceeded. From the first to the fourth act every expectation was fulfilled, great as they truly were. All were satisfied, and pronounced her the talented—the unrivalled Miss Kemble.

The fourth act passed and their admiration grew to wonder. The fifth came—the slightest whisper would have been heard throughout the house—the audience were entranced and stiffened into silence—a mighty miracle was being acted—the beau ideal of the god-like passion had quickened into life and was embodied in the sublime exhibition before them.

The effect was entirely beyond what we thought within the compass of human powers. You could hear no criticism—no questioning about reading and points—but one feeling pervaded the whole house, from pit to highest gallery, and that was astonishment.

We can say little more of this wonderous woman. Our contemporaries have literally robbed the Dictionary of every word that conveys the slightest semblance of admiration, and however poorly mere words express the universal rapture, even they have been so "dished up" in every variety adulatory form, that we may rack our brain to madness, and still fail to coin a new expression of humble praise. But new or old—stale or fresh, we could not refrain from joining in the "grand chorus" with Miss Kemble's admirers.

Her success has been complete. Nothing could enhance or take from it. Miss Kemble stands before the American public completely unrivalled, and far, far excelling any actress whom we ever saw.

In person Miss Fanny Kemble is rather under than over the common heighth of females. Her figure is slight, not delicate, but beautifully rounded into womanhood, and graceful in the extreme. Her complexion is dark, but so exceedingly transparent that when we see the "quick-end current" rushing home to her heart, and the strong passions flashing through her form, she seems a beautiful embodied storm. Her features are of the Italian cast, very intelligent, and of wonderful flexibility—expressing the emotions of the soul with a faithfulness that startles you with its vivid truth. Her mouth is large, with lips tremulous and expressive, now bursting into smiles—now curling into scorn, yet completely subservient to the mind and quick to obey. Her teeth brilliant and regular. Her forehead low and badly exposed. Her brow broad, commanding and almost severe. Her eye—ah, her eye! that alone would make her beautiful:—whether filled with love and tenderness or flashing with madness and pride—the soul shines through it and it twinkles with intelligence as radiant as a sunbeam. Her voice is deep-toned, but of varied cadence, yet resembling more the melancholy note of the mourning ring dove, than the lark "whose notes do beat the vaulty heaven so high above our heads."

The person of Mr. Kemble is more of the heroic order. He is large, justly proportioned, tall, stately and well moulded. Every movement, every gesture, betrays the breeding of a gentleman. His attitudes are bold and classically correct. Age has left fewer impresses on his countenance than we expected to see and the elasticity of his step betokens a constitution firm and enduring. His head is finely formed and his features chiselled into an expression of manly beauty. His voice unbroken and touching—modulated to express every tone of feeling, but of limited compass.

THE AMERICAN.

The friends of this Theatre will excuse the merely passing notice which we are compelled to take of the performances during the week past.—It could hardly have been expected that we should visit the Bowery when such irresistible attractions have been offered at the Park. However we looked in on Thursday evening and found a full house—listening with evident pleasure to Mr. Hamblin's Jaffier and Miss Clifton's Belvidera. We were happy to see that neither had lost the power of winning golden opinions, by their late severe indispositions, and doubt not a few evening's "exercise" will restore them to the full possession of their unquestioned dramatic powers.—The local drama of Old Jonathan closed the entertainment. We did not see it; but we hear favorable reports of the improvements which it has undergone since its first exhibition. 'Tis a laughable thing—if for nothing but its local interest.

LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA.

"Mankind is a miserable dog," soliloquized Bonneau, as he leaned against a tree in Chesnut street. "Yes, a miserable dog; and life—what is life? why that's a miserable dog too. I have been threatening to reform any time these 10 years and I hav'nt began the work yet. Yes, mankind's a miserable dog. Here I am smashed as usual. Ask for me at 12 o'clock at night, and you'll find me smashed all to pieces. It's too bad, that's a fact. Now to-morrow morning I'll be sulky for an hour or two, and swear to pass the reform bill for the benefit of my constitution. But at night, the reform bill is laid under the table. But thank my good luck, these watchmen never get me. I should not like to figure in a police report. No, no I should'nt like that."

"What should'nt you like mounsheer?"

"You—I don't like you."

"You're boozy my fark. You're eyes snap and crack like a burnt boot."

"No aspersions, you scamp. No aspersions; my character is a delicate affair, and must not be assailed."

"Oh very delicate. It won't bear handling.—But you should keep sober."

"No impudence. I'll tip you a Mendoza if you are saucy. If I hit you a body blow, you will heave and set like a ram tied to a garden gate."

"Well then, let's see you walk a crack in the twistified fashion, foot over foot."

"So I can; you mustn't laugh though."

"No, I'll be as grave as a jackass."

"Stand aside. Here goes," said Bonneau, attempting to run. The watch put out his foot, and down came Bonny.

"Aha, my friend, no tricks upon travellers.—You're cotch'd."

"I see my decline and fall," sighed Bonneau, as he rolled over on his back. "My fate cries out, and I am a prey to the law."

"Get up then and behave nice. Take my advice for the future, and reform. You are not sowing flowers in your path, my boy."

"No, indeed," said Bonny, sitting up and looking at his pantaloons, which were injured by the fall. "But I wish somebody was sowing my tares. My pantys are tearified. I am a tearer to the whole family."

"Must I carry you, or will you walk?"

"I will walk, sir, help us up."

Bonny was fined.

Catching a Tartar.—Peter Benin came running to the watch, and informed him that Elie Dodds was tipsey, and was kicking up a row at their joint home. The watch, knowing that kicking up a row was not the thing in a civilized community, trotted off to "reddle the fray." Into the house he bolted, and discovered said Elie dancing about in a paroxysm of rye whiskey.

"Elie, you're my prisoner."

"Not a good watchey! It wont fit" said Elie, seizing the shovel and brandishing it over his head. The watch manœuvred to seize him, and succeeded after receiving several raps over the back. In the morning, Peter Benin laid the charge of intoxication against his friend, and called the watch as evidence.

Question.—"Was Elie intoxicated?"

Watch.—"Yes, sir, and so was Peter." Peter's jaw dropped, and he looked the picture of astonishment.

Magistrate.—"Both Peter and Elie will therefore pay the usual fine."

Exeunt Peter and Elie.

Delightful Fragrance. According to the Barnstable Patriot, those distinguished animals, usually denominated Skunks, have been unusually troublesome in that vicinity lately. They even enter the dwelling houses of the inhabitants "and push them from their stools." This looks ominous.

Italian Proverb. He who *knows* nothing at thirty, *does* nothing at forty, and *has* nothing at fifty, never will know, do, or have anything.

Conundrum.—Why is a man's foot in a tight shoe like a drunkard in a grog shop? D'ye give it up? Because it's getting corned.

Anecdote.—The following is found in an ancient history of Connecticut. Soon after the settlement of New Haven, several persons went over to what is now the town of Milford, where, finding the soil very good, they were desirous to effect a settlement; but the premises were in the peaceable possession of the Indians, and some conscientious scruples arose as to the propriety of deposing and expelling them. To test the case a Church meeting was called, and the matter determined by the solemn vote of that sacred body. After several speeches had been made in relation to the subject, they proceeded to pass votes—the first was the following.—Voted, that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. This passed in the affirmative, and, "Voted that the earth is given to the saints."—This was also determined like the former—nem. con.—3d. Voted, that we are the saints," which passed without a dissenting voice, the title was considered indisputable, and the Indians were soon compelled to evacuate the place and relinquish the possession to the rightful owners.

A negro, with an enviable pouting lip, flat nose, in fact of real Guinea stamp, whose phiz looked more like a caricature than an original, sat under a hill fishing. A mischievous boy, attracted by the comical appearance of Cuffee, procured a fresh quid of tobacco, and dropped it directly on the poor fellow's under lip.

"What ya bout da? Ya see what ya do! I had ya hex, I'd come up da and knock boff ya eyes into next forf o Julv, ya young scoundrel! You take it off, no, I takat rite strate and show it to ya fader."

POLICE REPORTS.

LONDON.

Rural Simplicity.—At the Mansion House, Edward Walsh, an attorney's apprentice, and son of a farmer, who resides at Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, was charged with being the father of an illegitimate child, by Rosa Hunt. The Somersetshire parish officers stated, that they had followed the defendant to town—he having, to the surprise of his neighbors, cut and run, altho' possessed of abundant means of discharging the incidental expenses. Upon being apprehended, he said that he would take his oath that he was not the father of the child, and that the whole matter was a mistake.

The Lord Mayor—"What did he mean by a mistake? Does he mean to say that the girl is mistaken in saying that she is pregnant?"

The Officer—"No, my Lord; but he says she is mistaken in supposing him to be the father, although she swears that he is the only man she ever knew intimately, and she is believed by every one."

The Lord Mayor—"I am sorry to see that in the country they are very clever at some of our worst town tricks."

The defendant said that he did not mean to impute to the girl the vice of indiscriminate prostitution, but she certainly had in this matter confounded him with another person. The mistake arose out of an odd circumstance. They had been at a "hop" together one night, where a great deal of jovial work went forward, and the elder and gooseberry wine passed round rather too quickly. In the midst of the fun Rosa promised to make him happy; and a friend of his, one Thomas Morris, who was of the company, obtained a similar promise from another girl. It happened that the two young women were so overpowered by the liquor as not to be able to distinguish between the persons of their lovers, who, by the way of a lark, agreed to exchange sweethearts, so that Tom Morris became the father of the child. The other girl proved more lucky, but she knew nothing yet of the mistake.

Rosa Hunt said that the story was trumped up for the purpose of throwing a slur upon her oath. It was true she had been induced to drink, or she would not have committed the other error, but she was not so far gone as not to know the defendant's voice.

The Lord Mayor—"Were you so far gone as not to see him?"

Rosa—"The night was dark as pitch, so that the four of us fell into a slough before we got home." (Laughter.)

The Defendant—"And then it was that Tom Morris and I changed girls again, but the mischief was done before that. If the child was mine, I would not let any man pay a halfpenny towards its support; but I do not fancy being a father, when, by the virtue of my oath, I never touched the mother. Now tell the truth, Rosa—has not Tom Morris been always after you since the accident?"

Rosa—"He was after me before it, but you know I preferred you; but you are a pair of bad ones, and I can to-morrow get a better than either of you—but one or the other of you must pay for the child, I am sure I do not care which."

The Lord Mayor—"Well, upon my word, both ladies and gentlemen are a very instructive sample of rustic simplicity, and have contrived to bring to town a case which is quite hard enough to puzzle a Lord Mayor. But what does Mr Tom Morris say to this? He seems to be a necessary evidence."

The officers said that Mr. Morris, upon being questioned upon the subject, declared that as a man of honor he considered himself bound to be silent—(a laugh.) Upon being pressed, he said he was not aware that on the night in question any thing had occurred between him and the young ladies of a *more particular kind* than usual, except falling into the ditch.

The Lord Mayor—"I fear it will be difficult to fix the paternity in this case."

The Officer—"The girl swears the voice was that of the defendant."

The Defendant—"That is all nonsense. Tom imitated my voice, and we were all tipsey together. I will subpœna him, and have an oath out of him at any rate—it is too bad that I should be charged with another's brats."

The Lord Mayor—"You richly deserve it. The deception was a base one, and it was you that proposed it, but in my opinion it did not succeed. The women are much more cunning in their cups than the men; and you may depend upon it that though you thought you had the wrong woman, she had the right man—(laughter.) Go home, young man, and bring up your child properly and religiously—you see what fools the women can make of us in the broad light of day! How then do you think we can escape them in the dark!"

The officers then accompanied the defendant from the Justice room; but it was generally believed that an immediate settlement would save the Bench Magistrates the ridiculous form of confirming the paternity.

SAUL KNAPP'S COURTSHIP.

In a very amusing article entitled "Saul Knapp—or the Life of a Yankee," published in Buckingham's Magazine, we find the following sketch of one of Saul's amatory visits—which, however was his first and last, directed to that quarter.—We will state, for the benefit of our readers, however, that Saul did, eventually, take to himself a wife—that he made a capital husband, and by his yankee calculation and perseverance, amassed wealth, and became popular and influential.

Eunice Moray had long looked with approving eye, at Saul; and if "she never told her love," she did not let "concealment, like a worm i' the bud," pale her cheek—she looked daggers if she spoke none. Suppose yourself, then, reader, peeping into the apartment which served the family of farmer Moray for kitchen parlor and all—the farmer himself, looking as if he had been taking Rip Van Winkle's nap, discussing a pipe, and old Mrs. Moray watching the evolutions of an immense spinning wheel, whose harmonious hum gladdened the heart of the night-farcers far around with its note of comfort and home. Suppose the gentle Eunice seated on one end of what had once been a fine maple, but which now furnished at once a primitive seat, while the other extremity, blazing in the ample fire, diffused both warmth and light through the apartment. The light was aided by the beams of a dipt tallow candle, that stuck to the back of a chair by a fork, shed its rays upon the maiden's labors, as she put the last finishing touches of art to a blue woolen stocking with a white toe, destined, as may be inferred, for no other foot than her honest sire's. From the rafters above swung the usual ornaments of peppers and yarbs; and many a pendant cup and platter, of polished delft or shining tin, reflected back the beam of the single luminary. Blue ware and japanned pepper-boxes, iron candlesticks and a duck gun, formed the paraphernalia of the mantlepiece, all arranged in what is called very good taste, manifesting at once that there was the wherewithal, and what Father Paulus terms the "how-withal."

Now, reader, suppose our friend Saul showing himself into this comfortable nook, with very much the air of one, who, like Leon, "had stole a hen," and seating himself upon the extreme end of the log which Eunice occupied. The usual compliments passed, and the usual queries made, Saul, while he ponders a fit subject to begin the converse sweet amuses himself with counting the drops of tallow, as they fell from the aforesaid dipt candle on the floor, and in picking the superfluous wool from his new hat. The old people, thinking most properly that it belonged to the young folks "*faire le frais de la conversation*," took no further notice of Saul, who sat dumb as the statue of silence. Although courtship in those parts, did not then, nor does it now, manifest itself in many words, Eunice, probably, wondered at her lover's extreme bashfulness; but putting it all to account of her own charms, waited till love should break the spell. Meantime the evening waned and waned. The old farmer finished his pipe, kicked his brogues into a corner, and stumped off to bed. Mrs. Moray, considerately remembering the time when she herself sparked, soon followed, and the lovers were left alone. But still, not a word spake Saul. As if possessed of a dumb spirit, he sat gazing on the candle in hope to catch a spark of inspiration thence; but none came. The tallow burned out and was replenished; and by the time its successor had burned to its last flicker, the maiden, tired of so silent a spark, fell asleep. At last the light went out—the fire went out—why to make a short story long? Saul,—what could he do else?—followed their example, and went out too.

Language of the Pestle and Mortar.—That wicked satirist, Dr. Wolcott—*alias* Peter Pindar, who not having the fear of Royalty before his eyes, dared even to write irreverently of his Majesty George III. anent the apple dumplings and other laughable matters, used frequently to relate, that when a young man, and engaged in his uncle's labaratory, his fancy imputed a language to the mortars, at which it was his daily task to labor.—"Whenever," says he, "I was using the large marble one, I thought it repeated the words, Linger-'em long! Linger-'em long! But when the little brass one was rung upon, by the pestle, it cried, Kill 'em quick! Kill 'em quick!"

An Irishman who asked a teacher of music how much he charged for lessons, was informed, $6 for the first month and 3 for the second. Then I will come the *second* month, said Pat.

CHALLENGE RENEWED.

We received during the past week the following letter from our Chittenango correspondents relative to their Challenge, "Sweet Brier against the World." Mr James Meeks, of Albany, some time since accepted this Challenge, if the proprietors of Sweet Brier would run on the Troy road and carry "catch weight."

The only difference between the gentlemen seems to consist in the choice of Courses and the Catch Weights and Catch Riders. The proprietors of Sweet Brier propose compromising the difference of Courses, and "meet half way," and at the same time insist that both horses shall be rode by boys, as Catch *Riders*, not *Weights*.

We seize this occasion to make one remark to our Sporting friends. We most cheerfully open our columns to all challenges and acceptances in every variety of sports, but cannot as responsible Editors, surrender the right of suppressing all personal reflections on the individual character of the parties. Courtesy of bearing is never more becoming than between contending Sportsmen, and it shall ever be our study to encourage that course of conduct which will most contribute to harmony and gentlemanly deportment.

To the Editors of the Spirit of the Times.

Gentlemen,—In our notice of "Sweet Brier against the World," for a single quarter, carrying 112 pounds, or Catch Riders, on the Sullivan Course, we did not suppose that any gentleman Sportsman would condescend to answer us in the style and manner of Mr James Meeks. This gentleman, the public will observe, has offered to run on the Troy road, carrying "Catch Weight," he has substituted the word *Weight* for *Rider*, thereby wishing it to be understood that he is the mighty man who has dared to accept the challenge of the Western Champion.

This Catch Weight the public will understand is a mere finesse of running a horse without a rider,—one who is trained not to leave the score until he gets full a length ahead, and then his play is to skip into the track of his antagonist, and by foul play maintain his advantages.

We would now inform Mr. Meeks, of 493 S. Market street, Albany, that it is tolerable to meet a "Boxing Master" half way; we will therefore meet him on the Sand Flats, in Montgomery County, and run Sweet Brier sixty or eighty rods, for no less than *Three or Five Hundred Dollars*, against any horse, mare, or gelding, that he may think proper to procure, carrying a Catch Rider, which shall be a boy, and we will do the same; the horses to start on a lap, each horse to run in his own track, and the horse first out to win the money.

GEORGE EHLE.
JACOB LOWER.

Chittenango, Madison Co. N. Y. Sept. 12, 1832.

A Jockey Club has been recently organized at Tallahassee, Florida, called *The Tallahassee Jockey Club.*

The rules and orders of the Maryland Jockey Club, have been generally adopted, with slight alterations.

OFFICERS.

Major Romeo Lewis, President.
Dr Lewis Willis, 1st Vice President.
Willis Alston, Esq., 2d do.
Capt Thomas Brown, Secretary & Collector.
Richard Hayward, Esq., Treasurer.

The first race will commence on the third Wednesday in December next, and continue for four days. The track will be in fine order, and will bear a comparison with the best courses in the Union. The purse will be good on each day.

THOMAS BROWN, Sec'ry.
Tallahasse, July 10, 1832.

From the American Turf Register.

Anecdote.—In a village in Virginia not long since, two black boys agreed to run their master's carriage horses a quarter, according to a novel expedient of their own—to start at the same moment at equidistances from a common centre, where there was a post. There the two horses came in contact—their heads met, and both fell dead on the spot. The boys escaped unhurt.—Such accidents are not uncommon on the course during the Carnival at Rome, where the horses run without riders, propelled by pricking balls suspended against their sides by ribbons across their back.

Anecdote.—In a small village of Virginia, the main street of which is so admirably adapted to quarter racing, the temptation is irresistible; and they are so frequent that, in a recent instance, unknown to the different parties, two quarter races were started from the different ends of the street nearly at the same moment—the two parties met about mid way—the riders came in contact, and nothing but superior horsemanship prevented serious injury.

A fine filly, by Johanna, owned by Mr Roane, at Richmond, Va. lately sold for $2,500 cash—one there three years old, same breed, sold for $3,000.

From an old English Sporting Magazine, for Dec. 1787. Letter from Eclipse, at Cannons, to his son King Fergus, in Yorkshire.

Cannons, Middlesex, Dec 12, 1783.

Dear Son,—I set out last week from Epsom, and am safe arrived in my new stable at this place. My situation may serve as a lesson to man. I was once the fleetest horse in the world, but old age hath come upon me, and wonder not, King Fergus, when I tell thee, I was drawn in a carriage from Epsom to Cannons, being unable to walk even so short a journey. Every horse, as well as every dog, has his day; and I have had mine. I have outlived two worthy masters, the late Duke of Cumberland, who bred me, and the Colonel, with whom I spent my best days; but I must not repine—I am now caressed, and not so much for what I can do, but for what I have done; and with the satisfaction of knowing, that my present master will never abandon me to the fate of the *high mettled racer*.

I am glad to hear my grandson, Honest Tom, performs so well in Ireland, and trust that he and the rest of my progeny will do honor to the name of their grandsire. Eclipse.

P. S. Myself, Dungannon, Volunteer, and Vertumnus, are all here—compliments to the Yorkshire horses.

Match Against Time.—An extraordinary match against time was performed recently by Mr. Wm. Bolton, a respectable tradesman, of Horncastle, who undertook to drag a cart (and not a very light one,) from the Minster-yard, Lincoln, to the Corn-market, Horncastle, a distance of twenty one miles, within twelve hours. This herculean task, by a person of the weight of nine stone and a half, was performed, to the great astonishment of his fellow-townsmen, in nine hours and forty minutes. The wager was with Mr Aikins, £10 to £5 against the performance.—*English paper.*

AMERICAN WILD HORSES.

Lewis and Clarke, speaking of the horses found to the west of the Rocky Mountains, say, that they appear to be of an excellent race, lofty, elegantly formed, active and durable; many of them appear like fine English coursers, some of them are pied, with large spots of white irregularly scattered, and intermixed with a dark brown bay; the greater part, however, are of an uniform color, marked with stars and white feet, and resembling in fleetness and bottom as well as in form and color, the best blooded horses of Virginia. The natives suffer them to run at large in the plains, the grass of which affords them their only winter subsistence; their masters taking no trouble to lay in a winter's store for them, notwithstanding they will, unless much exercised, fatten on the dry grass afforded by the plains during the winter. The plains are rarely if ever moistened by rain, and the grass is consequently short and thin. The natives, excepting those of the Rocky Mountains, appear to take no pains in selecting those of the male horses for breed; and, indeed, those of that class appear much the most indifferent. Whether the horse was originally a native of this country, or not, the soil and climate appear to be perfectly well adapted to the nature of this animal.

Horses are said to be found wild in many parts of this extensive country. The several tribes of Shoshonees who reside towards Mexico, on the waters of the Multnomah river, and particularly, one of them called Shaboboah, have also a great number of mules, which the Indians prize more highly than horses. An elegant horse may be purchased of the natives for a few beads or other paltry trinkets, which, in the United States, would not cost more than one or two dollars. The abundance and the cheapness of horses, will be extremely advantageous to those who may hereafter attempt the fur trade to the East Indies, by the way of Columbia river and the Pacific ocean.

The Montreal Races were ordered by the Board of Health, to be postponed, but the horses having arrived, and the course made ready previous to the order, the Stewards determined to go on with them. The first match was between four horses, raised in the Province, belonging to Mr Farquhar, Mr M'Connell, Hon R U Harwood, and Mr Shay. An excellent race, won by the former. The second ... Purse of £75, and a sweepstakes between Mr. Town's Waverly and Mr. Sharp's Timoleon; won by the latter. Others by Porteous Esq's Dandie Dinmont, and Mr. M'Connell's Sleepy John.

Extraordinary Equestrian Feat. On Tuesday afternoon, Capt. Copeland of the Bays, for a considerable bet, undertook to ride from the Barracks at Piershill to the summit of Arthur's Seat and back, in 22 minutes, choosing his own ground. Besides the horse he started on, the Capt. had relays stationed of four others. He commenced his ascent through the field eastward of Parson's Green, dismounting at the boundary wall of the hill, which he went over by a ladder. Having quickly remounted, he then set off through the marsh at a rattling pace, clearing the highest broken ground, whins, and the other obstructions in a most dashing style, and reached the top, an elevation of 800 feet, the latter part exceedingly difficult even to foot passengers, amidst the cheers of his brother officers and a number of friends.—Declining refreshment, the gallant rider commenced his descent, when his horse bolted, seemingly from the cheers of the spectators, to which the situation of the Capt. now appeared one of extreme peril, but he kept his seat undisturbed, reached the lower ground with apparent ease, when he again took up speed, crossed the wall as before, and in fine style completed his task in 11 minutes 40 seconds. When the nature of the ground is considered, the latter part approaching the perpendicular, the singular extreme point, and the danger of the descent, this equestrian feat must be held as one of the most wonderful on record.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

Turkish Cure for Founder in Horses.

Letter from Com. Porter, American Chargé des Affaires at Constantinople, to the Editor of the Sporting Magazine—On the curious treatment of Founder in Horses, by Turkish Veterinary Surgeons.

Ancient Chalcedon, Kadi Kinny, April 21, 1832.

Dear Sir—There are few sailors who are "judges of horse flesh," and I make no pretensions to that sort of knowledge. I am going, however to relate what I have seen; if it is worth knowing, it is well; if not, it is the easiest thing in the world to throw this in the fire.

Some time ago I bought a very good horse at the bazaar, for which I paid nine hundred piastres, or fifty dollars. Some thought he was dear at that price, as you may for five hundred or six hundred piastres, buy here such a horse as no gentleman need to be ashamed to mount; however, I was much pleased with my bargain. On my removal from Buyurdine to this place, the horse was rode very hard, and on his arrival at Top Thana, a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles, was permitted to stand in a cold wind and rain two hours, without being rubbed down or walked about; consequently he became foundered in the right fore leg, so that he could scarcely walk.

I sent for a Turkish farrier, the one who attends the sultan's horses. He immediately pronounced the horse foundered, and said he must be bled in the inside of the diseased leg. He put a nipper on his nose to keep him steady, then took up the left fore leg, and crossing it over the right, gave it to an attendant; he then stuck his lancet into the vein a little above the fetlock joint, and took from it about three and a half pounds of blood—the vein bled very freely. He now said he had taken enough; he then went to the very opposite side of the leg, and striking his lancet into a vein above the knee joint, a single drop of blood exuded, and both that and the first opened vein instantly ceased bleeding. There may be no novelty in this, but it certainly astonished me to find, that opening two veins in the same limb would stop both from bleeding, such, however, is the fact, for I witnessed it.

He desired that the horse should rest the next day, that he should then be rode with great violence until he was in a profuse perspiration, the diseased limb then to be rubbed with wet salt (to which I added a pot of hot brandy) then rubbed dry, and walked about until cool, and covered with blankets; the same process to be repeated next day, which was done, and all lameness from that time disappeared—the horse the third day after the first rubbing was perfectly well.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

THE CHASE.

While with great pleasure we make room for the subjoined article from the Montreal Gazette of the 15th inst. we take occasion to congratulate our friends of the Montreal Hunt, on the glorious prospect before them, and on this truly magnificent addition by Commodore Barrie, to their celebrated pack of Foxhounds.

The Gazette says, "We have much pleasure in informing our Sporting readers that Commodore Barrie, with true sportsmanlike liberality, has presented to the Montreal Hunt, *fourteen couple* of hounds out of *Matchem* and *Liberty*, from the crack packs of Lord Lonsdale and Sir Bellingham Graham. To all lovers of canine beauty and perfect animal proportions, we recommend a walk to the kennel, in Papineau Road, where the Herculean strength of Newton, the commanding figures of Kellett and Stratford, the graceful form of Juno, and the general symmetry of the whole pack will reward their trouble and gratify their taste.

"This pack will commence hunting regularly twice a week in the course of the present month, and will doubtless afford excellent sport, and make the welkin ring again, with their music."

NEW CANE GUN.

We see advertised in the U. S. Gazette, Philadelphia, a new description of fowling pieces which are described as exceedingly portable and convenient. They are called "Cane Guns," and are said to be much approved of. They are to be used with every convenience of a common walking stick—and with no more effort than that of cocking a common gun, or converted into a gun for ball or shot to be discharged more readily than an ordinary fowling piece, and with equal precision and effect.

Mr. D. Buzzel, the manufacturer, South 4th street, advertises that they have been greatly admired and warmly recommended by Sportsmen generally. We would thank some of our friends in that city to send us a distinct account, for which, we, not more than the Sporting world generally, would be obliged.

Trotting Match.—The trotting match yesterday, at the Hunting Park Course, was between Pilot and Blackbird, 1000 to $500—the odds in favor of Pilot, to be done in harness. It was won by Pilot in two heats of two miles each.—First heat 5 min 55 sec. Second heat not ascertained.—*Phila. paper.*

From the American Turf Register.

SKETCH OF A TRUE SPORTSMAN.

St. Louis, Mo., July 17, 1832.

Mr. Editor,—The following is a copy of a letter which I found among my papers from a sporting friend, and which, perhaps, you may think worthy of a place in your Magazine.

Yours, respectfully, W. H. C.

Sangamon Co., Ill., Sept. 15, 1829.

Dear C.,—I am at present passing a few weeks at the hospitable mansion of Judge B., who is, I need not tell any who know him, a real gentleman, and a thorough-bred sportsman. He, you know, usually collects there every season some of the brothers of the rod and gun, for the scientific destruction of the inhabitants of the wood and stream. When I arrived at his house, I found him attending personally to the feeding of a fine collection of dogs, whose spacious yard and neat kennels ranged around it, convinced me that he did not ... keep ... than he could ... comfortably maintain. A fine pack of fox and deer hounds, three or four staunch, heavy built Spanish pointers, and a rough Spaniel formed his collection.—His whole sporting establishment was in the same good condition. I will not bore you with the achievements of the company, for all those descriptions, though interesting to those concerned, serve only to aggravate the situation of one, who like you, are cooped up in the narrow walls of a city. What I wish particularly to describe to you, was the strain of indignation with which the old gentleman commented on the unsportsmanlike practices of too many of our countrymen. He considered those practices subversive of all the chivalric spirit which should animate the true sportsman; of which spirit, he himself is a fine exponent. If we wandered on a cloudy morning beside a dashing trout stream which intersects his grounds, he would look with supreme disgust upon our preparations for bait fishing, and when his superior skill enabled him to surpass our feeble efforts, he would exultingly say, "the trout in my waters feed on nothing but the fly." He was excessively annoyed when a city gentleman, of the party, found a three pounder in the shallows, and speared it with the lance in the butt of his London made rod. He would have put it into deep water and trusted to its gratitude to let itself be caught *secundum artem*. He has taken great pains to have legal protection afforded to the fish and game during the breeding season; and I recollect one occasion, when the circumstance of his being a guest at a dinner party where woodcock were served up out of season, did not prevent him from exercising his legal authority to punish that violation of the law. He is wonderfully punctual in all his sporting engagements; and once when a party of fox hunters were starting from their trysting place, and discovered the Judge to be absent, notwithstanding their watches called "time," they concluded to wait; and sure enough when they corrected their watches at sunrise, they found him exact.—He is particularly careful about his gun and rod, &c., the former of which he always cleans himself after a day's sport, and would consider it a species of ingratitude to neglect either that, or his dogs and horse, for his personal comfort. He never borrows a gun or angling rod, and would think a man but a cockney sportsman who would. In the pursuit of deer, he prefers the wild excitement of "driving," where the animal has some chance for his life, where one is obliged to take a running-shot, to the skulking subtlety and murderous certainty of the still hunt. He considers it criminal to kill more game than can be consumed before it spoils, and has much of that personal affection toward the game which Mr. Cooper has so well depicted in that admirable sketch, Leather Stocking. I believe, if he could, he would make the shooting of a game bird, sitting, a capital offence; and, certainly, killing game out of season would be put on the same footing with high treason.

On the turf his proceedings have been characterised by the principles of strict honor, but he soon quitted that amusement, for, at the time of his youth, the turf was not so well regulated as at present, and he found much to disgust his sportsmanlike feelings in the trickery and jockeying which he encountered. His library is furnished with all the works on sporting, from the enthusiastic and single-hearted Walton, to the fine work of Col. Hawker, which for its practical character and true sporting spirit, should be the guide of every young shooter. The study of the sporting poets, Somerville, Gay, &c., has given to the old gentleman a tinge of enthusiasm, which raises him far above the mere game destroyers, who think of nothing but the destruction of the greatest possible quantity of animals. Judge B. reminds me much of Judge Temple, in the Pioneers, who is a model for sportsmen—witness his solicitude to preserve the game and fish from that poaching scamp, Richard Jones. Adieu my dear C., and when you become a sportsman, take the Judge for your pattern.

Ever yours, J. V. S.

Dangerous Leap.—A horse got loose on Wednesday forenoon, in Crown street, and ran violently down to Race street, where not being able to turn so short as the street required, he plunged head foremost into a tinman's cellar, alighting on his back. He was got out with only a slight wound over his right eye.

Extraordinary Courage. A gentleman thus addresses the Editor of an English paper:—"On the night of the 22d, whilst on my road to Dacca, I made my Budgerow fast on a bank a little below Jafferguuge, and was awake about one o'clock in the morning by the cries of my dandies that a tiger had jumped on board and seized on one of the crew. I started up, and saw the tiger leaping from the boat with one of the crew in his mouth, making off for the jungles; at the same moment my sirdar bearer, with great presence of mind, seized a large hog spear which happened to be in the boat, and jumped after the beast and speared him through the side, which caused him to drop the poor fellow, who ran for the boat with all possible speed, and the rest of the crew, with their sticks and bamboos, despatched the animal. The man, I am happy to say, received little injury, having been caught by his clothes. The tiger was a male of tolerable size."

FISHING.

Various circumstances have been communicated to us of late, calculated to tickle the ears of the lovers of "the Angle." Not many days ago, an Annandale gentleman killed with the rod, 18 sea trout, in the "Black Esk," in the course of a very few hours, some of which weighed 5lbs. while none of them weighed less than two or three. Our friend commenced at Eskdale-muir Church, and before dinner, had basketed nearly three stones of excellent fish—a very tolerable morning's work. Yet the above is nothing, as compared with a feat, performed about the same time, by Captain Houston Stewart, a gentleman who appears to excell in every thing, and who within the last three years, disabled two wild swans at one shot. In the course of one day, this experienced sportsman killed with the rod, twenty two salmon, some of them large enough to have snapt a hawser, in place of a line of hair and gut, had not the greatest skill been exerted. A townsman who accompanied Captain Stewart, killed nine salmon in the same manner—both very extraordinary feats, not often recorded in the history of "the Angle."—*Dumfries Courier.*

HUMAN STRENGTH.

The following feats of real human strength relate to one Thomas Topham, about 31 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches high, and who exhibited about a century ago.

"1. Having rubbed his fingers with coal ashes to keep them from slipping, he rolled up a very strong and large pewter plate. 2. Having laid seven or eight short and strong pieces of tobacco pipe on the first and third finger, he broke them by the force of his middle finger. 3. He broke the bowl of a strong tobacco pipe placed between his first and third finger, by pressing his fingers together sideways. 4. Having thrust such another bowl under his garter, his legs being bent, he broke it to pieces by the tendons of his hams without altering the bending of his leg. 5. He lifted with his teeth, and held in a horizontal position for a considerable time, a table six feet long with half a hundred weight hanging at the end of it. The feet of the table rested against his knees. 6. Holding in his right hand an iron kitchen-poker, three feet long and three inches round, he struck upon his bare left arm, between the elbow and the wrist, till he bent the poker nearly to a right angle. 7. Taking a similar poker, and holding the ends of it in his hands, and the middle against the back of his neck, he brought both ends of it together before him, and he then pulled it almost straight again. This last feat was the most difficult, because the muscles which separate the arms horizontally from each other are not so strong as those which bring them together. 8. He broke a rope about two inches in circumference, which was partly wound about a cylinder four inches in diameter, having fastened the other end of it to straps that went over his shoulder. 9. Dr. Desaguliers saw him lift a rollingstone of about 800 lbs. weight, with his hands only, standing in a frame above it, and taking hold of a frame fastened to it. Hence Dr. Desaguliers gives the following relative view of the strength of individuals:

Strength of the weakest men, 125 lbs.
Strength of very strong men, 400
Strength of Topham, about 800."

A gentleman advertises in the Hingham Gazette, that he has opened a *school for young ladies*. Also a *hearn wagon* which he would exchange for a cart. This reminds us of the reply of an old acquaintance of ours, a shop-keeper.—He was asked by a lady if he had white lace veils. "Why, no, I hav'nt, but I've just got up a real lot of potash kittles!"

A Shingle to Spare. We thus versify (says the Franklin Advertiser) a New-Hampshire advertisement:—

Mr. Abraham Shingle
Being tired of living single
Would be very glad to mingle
With some Fair who has the "jingle."

Who wants a bargain? The Ourang Outang, Miss Jane, who recently paid a visit to this city, is offered "for sale, or to be leased one year," by the proprietors at Boston, who assure the public that Jane "enjoys good health, and has grown very much since her arrival in this country!"

Dunlap's "History of the American Theatre," in one volume octavo, price $2, will be forthcoming from the press of the Harpers, the first week in October next.

A Fighting Editor. Dr. Philleo of the Galeman is said to have killed two or three Indians with his own hands. In scalping one of them, the Dr made use of the Indian's knife, which being rather dull, and the savage not yet dead, he made some resistance to the Dr's operation, who pulling off the scalp without ceremony, observed with great coolness, "you should have kept a sharper knife, and be damned to you."

Rev. F. A. Strale.—The case of this gentleman, sentenced on Saturday last by our County Court, to 5 years imprisonment in the State Prison, for attempt at rape, has been occasion of some excitement, and we now deem that public justice requires an outline of the attendant circumstances at our hands, which, from regard to those connected with the unhappy man, who are every way respectable, and whose feelings we would by no means unnecessarily wound, we shall make brief as possible. Mr. Strale has been a clergyman of the Presbyterian order, by birth a Norwegian, 35 years of age we should judge, of prepossessing appearance, and high literary attainments. He has of late conducted the Female Seminary at Great Bend, Pa. until within a few months past; when he removed his school to this place, and continued it as the Binghampton Academy.

The subject of the outrage, was a daughter of his wife by a former husband. The Grand Jury found three true bills against him, on the last of which he was arraigned, and pleaded guilty, and threw himself upon the mercy of the Court in an eloquent appeal drawn up himself, and founded principally upon the peculiar situation of his family, being dependant upon a salary of which he is in the receipt, from Sweden; and which he apprehended would be discontinued were he sentenced to State Prison. In proof of his literary attainments, his Counsel submitted the Lord's Prayer, beautifully written out by him since his confinement, in eleven different languages, among which were the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and German languages.

But the other bills found, involved charges of a more serious nature still, one of which we understand was an attempt of the above crime, with the design to kill, and the Court judged rightly, that, neither the literary attainments of the gentleman, nor the peculiar situation of his family, should be permitted to interfere with the due course of public justice. Judge Robinson delivered the sentence of the Court, with much feeling and with many appropriate remarks, as alike do honor to our respected first Judge.—*Broome Co. Courier.*

PIGEON-SHOOTING.

SPORTSMEN are respectfully informed that I have 500 pigeons on hand, and have appointed Wednesday afternoon of each week for a PIGEON MATCH, commencing at 2 o'clock. The ground (on the Mount Vernon Trotting Course) is the most favorable that could be selected or even desired, and every exertion will be made to render it a favorite resort to sportsmen.

WILLIAM OLIVER.
Mount Vernon, Sept. 15.

TROTTING COURSE,

Mount Vernon, near New-York City.

THE public are respectfully informed that a PURSE will be trotted for over this course on the 27th of SEPTEMBER next, to commence at 5 o'clock every week thereafter, on THURSDAYS, until notice is given to the contrary in the "Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York." The Course remains open for Private Matches and for Training; and sporting gentlemen are respectfully invited to avail themselves of the advantages which it offers.

WILLIAM OLIVER, Proprietor.
Sept. 15, 1832.

Centreville Trotting Course,

Long Island, near New-York City.

MATCH FOR $2000,

Between Dread and Cato, supposed to be *the fastest Trotting Horses in existence.*

THIS Match, 5 miles and repeat, in harness will take place on Monday, the first day of October, at 1 o'clock P. M. on the above course, and is expected to draw as great a concourse as the celebrated race between Eclipse and Henry.

On Monday, the 8th October, at 1 o'clock, P. M. a purse of $300, free for all Trotters under the saddle, three miles and repeat, carrying the usual weight. Entrance $30.

On the same day at 3 o'clock, P. M. a purse of $50 and the entrance money for horses that never went for a purse, or match, of $50 or upwards, 2 miles and repeat, in harness, carrying the usual weight. Entrance $100.

On Tuesday, the 9th October, at 1 o'clock, P. M. a purse of $200, 3 miles and repeat, free for all Trotters in harness, carrying the usual weight. Entrance $20.

Same day at 3 o'clock, P. M. purse of $200, 2 miles and repeat, free for all Pacers under the saddle, carrying 135 pounds. Entrance $20.

P. S. The members are requested to meet at the Howard House on Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, the 25th inst.

N. B. All Horses going for Monday's purse, must be entered at the Howard House, on the Saturday evening previous, between the hours of 7 and 10 o'clock, and the Horses to go for Tuesday's purse, to be entered at the same place, between the same hours on Monday evening.

New York, Sept. 22, 1832.

FALL RACES,

Over the Union Course, Long Island.

THE Fall Races over this course will take place on the 10th, 11th and 12th of October next, under the immediate patronage of The Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses, directed by officers appointed by the members of the Association.

1st day—2 mile heats—purse $300
2d do. 3 do do 400
3d do. 3 do do 600

A match race, 4 mile heats, between Virginia Taylor and Miss Matty, will go off on the first day, and a sweepstakes for 3 years olds on one of the days. 4 entrances.

From the number of horses in training, very interesting sport is anticipated.

By order of the President. s22

L. ISLAND TROTTING CLUB.

AT a meeting of the members, held at the Howard House on Tuesday evening, the 11th inst. the following purses were declared to be run for, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 9th and 10th of October next.

1st day, at one o'clock, P. M. a purse of $200 ... carrying the usual weight.

2d day, at 1 o'clock, P. M. a purse of $200, 3 miles and repeat, free for all trotters in harness, carrying the usual weight.

2d day, at 3 o'clock, P. M. a purse of $200, 2 miles and repeat under the saddle, carrying 135lbs free for all pacers.

New-York, Sept. 12, 1832.

NEWMARKET FALL RACES.

THE Races over this course will take place as usual on the 2d Tuesday in October next, and continue 4 days.

1st Day.—A sweepstake for colts and fillies, 3 year old; 2 mile heats; $250 entrance, half forfeit; 10 subscribers and closed—viz:

John Minge enters c. c. Black Hawk, by Hotspur, dam Sir Henry.
Richard Adams, b. c. Primero, by Ratler.
Abner Robinson, (entry received in time, but mislaid, and will be inserted hereafter.)
Thomas A. Taylor, (do. do. do.
William Wynn, br. c. Anvil, by Tonson, dam Isabella.
W. M. West, Thos. M'Ghee's br. c. Sir Walter by Tonson.
J. J. Harrison, Henry Wilkinson's c. c. Sir Erin, by Archie, dam Rally.
W. R. Johnson, b. c. Herr Cline, by Archie, dam Gallatin.
J. M. Botts, b. c. Damon, by Gohanna.
D. H. Branch, b. c. Tobacconist, by Gohanna, dam Florizel.

2d Day—Proprietors Purse; $300, two mile heats—entrance $15.

3d Day—Jockey Club Purse $600—4 mile heats—entrance $20.

4th Day—Proprietor's Purse $250—two mile heats—entrance $15.

The proprietor will only remark that, from the above shew, the racing here must be very interesting, particularly the sweepstake. The colts entered are some of the most promising in the United States, and most of them, if not the whole, are expected to run.

Suitable accommodations will be made for the Racers and Visitors. O. P. HARE, Proprietor.
Sept. 15, 1832.

FAIRFIELD RACES.

Fall Meeting.

WILL commence on the 3d Tuesday in October next, and continue four days.

First day, a colt Sweepstake, two mile heats $200 entrance, half forfeit, to which there are ten subscribers, with the best colts in the United States—eight of the ten distinguished winners.

1. David H. Branch enters b. c. Tobacconist, by Gohanna, (late Winfree's.)
2. Wm. R. Johnson enters b. c. Herr Cline, by Sir Archy.
3. Jas. J. Harrison enters Wilkinson's ch. c. by Sir Archy.
4. Wm. M. West enters McGhee's b. c. Sir Walter, (the winner of the Stallion Stakes at Tree Hill,) by Monsieur Tonson.
5. Wm. Wynn enters b. c. Anvil, by Monsieur Tonson.
6. Wm. H. Minge enters b. f. Florida, by Contention.
7. Jno. M. Botts enters br. c. Douglass, by Gohanna, out of the dam of Collier.
8. Richard Adams enters b. c. Primero, by Ratler.
9. Henry A. Taylor enters Cornelia, by Ratler.
10. Jno. Minge enters bl. c. Black Hawk, by Hotspur.

Second day, proprietor's purse $200, two mile heats—entrance $15.

Third day, Jockey Club purse $600, without discount, four mile heats, entrance $20.

Fourth day, a Colt Sweepstake, two mile heats, $100 entrance, half forfeit, to which there are four subscribers, namely

1. Jno. Minge enters Peter Lyon's b. c. by Gohanna.
2. Jno. M. Botts enters ch. f. Barbara, by Gohanna, out of Wild Cat.
3. Thos. Carter enters ch. f. by Hotspur, dam Jack Andrews.
4. O. P. Hare enters b. f. Kate Kennon, by Contention, dam Columbia.

Ample accommodations will be provided at the Fairfield Dwelling House.

JNO. MINGE, RICHARD ADAMS, Proprietors.
s6

The Autumn Races.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Halifax, Va.

WILL commence on the 1st Tuesday in October, 1832.

1st Day, Proprietor's Purse $200—2 mile heats—entrance $15.

2d Day, Jockey Club Purse $400—3 mile heats—entrance $20.

3d Day, Colt Race—mile heats—entrance $100—3 or more to make a race—to close the evening preceding the 1st day's race—money hung up without discount by the proprietor, who pledges himself to have the course in good order, and to use his best exertions to give satisfaction.

NATH'L. H. POINDEXTER.
Halifax C. H. (Va.) Aug 28, 1832.

LANCASTER, OHIO, RACES.

THERE will be run for over the Lancaster Fairview Course, on the 10th 11th 12th and 13th days of October next, the following Races, viz:

1st day, two rounds and repeat, for a purse of $60, for 3 year old colts only.

2d day, 4 miles and repeat, for a purse of $160.

3d day, three miles and repeat, for a handsome purse.

4th day, 2 miles and repeat, for a handsome Sweepstake, free for any horse, mare or gelding carrying weight agreeably to the rules of racing.

Lancaster, Sept 13, 1832.

NASHVILLE FALL RACES.

SIX days' running commence on Monday the 8th day of October next, with a sweepstake race, 8 subscribers. $500 is proposed as an inside stake on the four mile day; and $300 on the colt day—mile heats. The two propositions to close on the 1st day of October.

We will have the finest sport, from the present appearances, that ever was over the turf. All accommodations for horses and sportsmen.

P. W. LONG, Proprietor.
Sept. 3.

KENTUCKY FALL RACES.

THE Lexington Races commences on Tuesday, Oct. 2, and continue five days.

The Louisville Races on Tuesday the 23d Oct. and continue five days.

The Chilicothe races on the 2d Oct. and continue four days.

The Webster or Dover Races the 20th of Sept. and continue four days.

The Richmond, Ky. Races commence on the 27th Sept. and continue three days. s15

RICHMOND TREE-HILL RACES

WILL commence as usual, the 1st Tuesday in October next, and continue four days.

First day, the celebrated stallion stakes—two mile heats—entrance $200—play or pay.

1. Jno. M. Botts enters the produce of Gohana.
2. Jas. J. Harrison enters the produce of Arab.
3. T. Watson enters the produce of Monsieur Tonson.
4. Th. P. Hare enters the produce of Contention.
5. Wm. R. Johnson enters the produce of Medley.
6. Walter Livingston enters the produce of Eclipse.

Second day, proprietor's purse $300—two mile heats.

Third day, Jockey Club Purse $1000—four mile heats.

Fourth day, a proprietor's purse $200—two mile heats.

Also, a sweepstake—two mile heats—entrance $200—half forfeit, and closed.

1. Wm. R. Johnson enters full brother to Polly Jones, ("Herr Cline.")
2. Abner Robinson enters Tonson colt, out of the sister of Sally McGee, ("Sir Walter Scott.")
3. Jno. M. Botts enters Gohanna filley out of Phillis.
4. Jno. M. Selden enters b. f. by Spring Hill, of Dairy Maid, ("Rolla.")

The purses this Race week at Tree-Hill, are worth $3600. The great number of horses in training, and the number of training stables, render it probable that ten or twelve will start for each of the three days' regular purses.

The first day, in the important stallion stakes, there is no forfeit, and it is thought in Old Virginia's best days, that there never were as many colts of first rate promise. The last day's sweepstakes, Herr Cline, the winner of the stakes at New Market and Baltimore—Sir Walter Scott, the winner of the stallion stakes last spring at Tree-Hill—Rolla, the very promising Gohanna colt of Mr. Botts and Mr. Selden, which, for the honor of the Central Course, must be "there or thereabouts," contend for a purse of $800. The extraordinary good health of our city, and the promise of a week's pleasant recreation, it is hoped, will give us once again, the opportunity of shaking hands with old friends and making new acquaintances.

By the Secretary of the Tree Hill Club. s6

LOUISVILLE FALL RACES.

THE Louisville Agricultural Society having been dissolved last fall a new joint stock company has since been formed, under the name of the "Louisville Association," for the improvement of the breed of horses. The company consists of seventy-five stockholders, each holding one share of $100. A beautiful track of land has been purchased on the Salt river road, one and a half miles from the city of Louisville, on which a running track has been laid off, thirty feet in width and precisely a mile in length, enclosed by a close plank fence eight feet in height, and having a light railing extended round the whole of the inner circuit.

The first fall meeting of the Association will commence on the third Tuesday of October, (23d) and continue five days.

First day, a sweepstakes, one mile heats, $50 entrance; free for any thing.

Second day, Association purse, $500, four mile heats.

Third day, Association purse, $200, two mile heats.

Fourth day, Association purse, $150, three mile heats.

Fifth day, the Association will give a piece of plate of the value of $100, which, with the entrance money, will be run for, one mile heats, best three in five.

To increase the sports of the meeting, there will be on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, a second race, for purses to be given by the Association; the amount of which, and the distance to be run, will be declared by the Trustees the evening previous. On Tuesday, it is expected, the interesting match race, between the well known Virginia horse, Waxey, and the favorite Kentucky horse, Woodpecker, will be run over the Association course, a single four miles, for $1000 aside.

JOHN POE, Secretary.

TERRE-HAUTE RACES.

AT a meeting of the "Terre Haute Jockey Club," held in the Town of Terre Haute, Indiana, on the 17th day of August, 1832, for the purpose of adopting rules and regulations for the Terre Haute Races,

Salmon Wright was appointed chairman of said meeting, and H. Allen secretary, and the following regulations were adopted:

First day's race, for a purse of $40, 3 miles and repeat; free for any horse, mare or gelding. Entrance money for the first day's race, $10 for each horse.

Second day's race, for a purse to consist of the entrance money of the first and second day, two miles and repeat, free for any horse, mare, or gelding, except the winning horse of the first day. Entrance money of the second day's race, $5 for each horse.

Third day's race, for a purse of $20, one mile and repeat, free for any three year old colt, and under. Entrance money of the third day's race, $3 for each colt.

Horses to carry weight for age according to such rules as will be established and made known previous to the day.

Races to commence on Wednesday, the 3d day of October next.

Terre-Haute, Aug. 20, 1832.

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

MISS FANNY'S FAREWELL FLOWERS.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I came to town a happy man,
I need not now dissemble,
Why I return so sad at heart,
It's all through Fanny Kemble.
Oh! when she threw her flowers away,
What urged the tragic slut on,
To weave in such a wreathe as that,
Ah, me!—a bachelor's button.

None fought so hard—none fought so well,
As I to gain some token—
When all the pit rose up in arms,
And heads and hearts were broken.
Huzza! said I, I'll have a flower,
As sure as my name's Dutton,
I made a snatch—I got a catch—
By Jove! a bachelor's button!

I've lost my watch, my hat is smashed,
My clothes declare the racket;
I went there in a full-dress coat,
And came home in a jacket.
My nose is swelled—my eye is black,
My lip I've got a cut on—
Odds buds! and what a bud to get—
The deuce! a bachelor's button!

My chest's in pain. I really fear
I've somewhat hurt my bellows,
By pokes and punches in the ribs,
By these herb-strewing fellows!
I miss two teeth in my front row,
My corn has had a foot on;
And all this pain I've had to gain
This cursed bachelor's button!

My place is booked, per coach, to night,
But, oh!—my spirit trembles
To think how country friends will ask
Of Knowleses and the Kembles.
If they should breathe about the wreath,
When I go back to Sutton,
I shall not dare to show my share—
That's all!—a bachelor's button!

My luck in life was never good,
But this my fate will harden;
I ne'er shall like my farming more,
I know I shan't the garden.
The turnips all may have the fly,
And wheat may have the smut on;
I care not—I've a blight at heart—
Ah, me!—a bachelor's button!

An Impossibility.—Two barristers of the name of Doyle and Yelverton, were constantly quarrelling before the bench. One day the dispute rose so high that the incensed Doyle knocked down his adversary, exclaiming vehemently, "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave like a gentleman!" The other smarting under the blow, as he lay on the ground, as energetically replied, "No, never! I defy you. *You can not do it sir.*"—*Philad. Inq.*

Finn's Last.—Woodhull said to Finn one evening, in the Highland Reel, "why, Shelty, you're an odd fish!" "Fish!—oh no, only the *fin* of one."

The celebrated Richardson relates the following anecdote of his boyish days:—"As a bashful and not forward boy, I was an early favorite with all the young women of taste and reading in the neighborhood. Half a dozen of them, when met to work with their needles, used, when they got a book they liked, and thought I should, to borrow me to read to them; their mothers sometimes with them; and both mothers and daughters used to be pleased with the observations they put me upon making.

"I was not more than thirteen, when three of these young women, unknown to each other, having a high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love secrets, in order to induce me to give them copies to write after, or correct, for answers to their lover's letters; nor did any of them ever know that I was the secretary for the others. I have been directed to chide, and even repulse, when an offence was either taken or given, at the very time when the heart of the chider or repulser was open before me, overflowing with esteem and affection; and the fair repulser, dreading to be taken at her word, would order an expression to be softened or changed. One, highly gratified with her lover's fervor and vows of everlasting love, has said, when I have asked her direction,—I cannot tell you what to write; but (her heart on her lips) you cannot write too kindly. All her fear was only that she should incur slight for her kindness."

Michael Boai.—This musical prodigy has re-appeared in London, and is daily displaying his astonishing faculty in Old-Bond-street. Every lover of the unique and marvellous should devote an hour to the witnessing of this almost inconceivable performance, in which the chin, struck by the knuckles of the hand, yields a succession of musical notes equalling any instrument whatever in truth, power, and clearness. In this manner, Boai is enabled to treat his visitors with a selection of beautiful and popular airs, on each of which he runs divisions and variations of the most difficult and rapid character—the effect produced being at once startling and brilliant.—*London Court Journal.*

Kean now only halts through his characters. In Richard we see Richmond first fiercely attack and beat his adversary on his knees, and then tenderly extend his arms to help him up, that he may renew the combat? In the Merchant of Venice, too, Gratiano is obliged sympathisingly to help up Shylock from his kneeling position, immediately after addressing him with the friendly words,—

"O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog"

It would not, perhaps, be in good taste to call attention to the actor's feebleness; but it is called for by the assertions made by the bills, and even by the papers, that he has completely recovered his strength.

A Duel.—Monday morning, at 4 o'clock, a duel took place in the fields adjoining Kensall-green, on the Harrow-road, between Mr. Theodore Rosney, of Alma-place, Brompton-road, and Mr. Charles Seer, an American gentleman, who is on a visit to this country. The distance was marked out at ten paces; and it was arranged that both gentlemen should fire together at a given signal by one of the seconds. Both shots were discharged at the same instant; that of Mr. Seer taking effect on his antagonist by grazing the foreknuckle of his right hand, as his arm was extended in presenting his pistol, and lodging in the top of his shoulder. Mr. Rosney's ball struck the side of Mr. Seer's trowser's just below the knee, and did no further mischief. The seconds then interfered, and after some discussion the parties shook hands. Mr. Rosney's wound was bound up, and they proceeded to town in two carriages that were waiting for them. The contention between these two gentlemen arose from Mr. Rosney striking a dog belonging to Mr. Seer, in St. James street, when high words ensued, and was followed up by an exchange of cards, which led to the meeting in question.—*John Bull.*

From Dreams and Reveries of a Quiet Man.

A TRAGICAL STORY.

Charles had been absent two days. Poor Julia had been wishing and wishing for him. His well-known step sounded in the entry; the door opened, and she met him with a heightened color in her cheek, and her blue eyes flashing from beneath their long lashes with sparkles of unwonted pleasure. Shall I mention particulars? It is scarcely necessary. He who cannot imagine how a warm hearted young wife, in the honey moon, would meet her idol after an absence of two whole days, is no reader for me.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, after the first transport had a little subsided, "I am glad you have returned, dear, dear Charles! I was afraid you would not come—that you were sick, or some accident had occurred. But here you are. And now, have you had a pleasant time? and how do they all do? and whom did you see?—and——"

Charles stopped her mouth.

"Yes, here I am, safe and sound, and full of news; but you huddle question upon question with such volubility that I shall never get a chance to answer them, and your mouth here wide open to ask I don't know how many more."

"Well, then," answered she, flinging herself into an attitude of attention, and folding her arms like a judge upon a bench, "there—I am dumb, and ready to listen to the news—I won't speak another word till you have done."

And with considerable apparent difficulty she closed her lips.

"Now then," said Charles, "mark me."

"I will," said Julia.

"Well, then," continued her husband, laughing, "in the first place, they are all well,—in the next, I have had a very pleasant time; and, lastly, I have seen old Mr. Peterson, and aunt Sarah, and Mr. and Mrs. Vanderdyke, and little Bob, Henry, and Maria."

"And this," inquired Julia, "is the news that you are to tell? and these are all you saw?"

"Oh, no!" replied Charles, mysteriously; "far from it, Julia. I have met one more—one most beautiful, bewitching being more,—the very counterpart of Venus. Such complexion—such ringlets, long and glossy—and cheeks—roses and lilies are nothing to them? There is nothing in all nature sweeter than her lips, and her eyes are bright dangers no man should rashly encounter. They were soft, melting, liquid, heavenly blue—full of the light of intellect, and tremulous every beam of them with a tenderness that makes the heart ache."

"You are only jesting with me," said Julia, endeavoring, but in vain, to check the change that came over her face, as the shadow of the cloud flits across a stream. "This is some stupid Dutch beauty, and you can scarcely describe her without laughing. Come, now, tell the truth."

"You may believe it or not, just as you please," said Charles; "but I assure you the whole account is as true as the enjoyment of it was enrapturing, and the memory is delicious."

Julia was sensitive and artless. She loved her husband with that deep tenderness which knew all the thrills of love's hopes and fears. Her heart was like a goblet filled to the brim, whose contents tremble and overflow when shaken ever so lightly. There was, therefore, in these enthusiastic praises of another, something strange, and even cruel. Still she could not believe that he was in earnest, and listened as he went on, with a mixture of curiosity and astonishment, to him in silence as he rattled on.

"Our meeting was marked with uncommon interest. Old Mr. Peterson introduced me to her, after having previously hinted that, before I was married, she had regarded me with more than common complacency."

"Charles!——"

"Well, we met. I addressed her by name; she said nothing—but, oh! those eyes of hers were fixed on me with a gaze that reached into the innermost recesses of my heart, and seemed to touch all those chords of feeling which nature had strung for joy. Wherever I went, I found her eyes still turned towards me, and an arch smile just played around her saucy lips, and spoke all the fine fancies and half-hidden meanings that women will often look, but not always trust to the clumsy vehicle of words. I could restrain myself no longer—but, forgetting, all but those heavenly lips, I approached, and—"

Poor Julia—she thought she heard the knell of her young dreams. The hue of her cheek, and the sparkle of her azure eye, were gone long before, and as he painted in such glowing colors the picture of his feelings, her lip quivered, and tears swelled up dimmed the blue light of eyes beautiful as day.

"I will never speak to you again, Charles," sobbed she, "if this be true."

"It is true," he exclaimed, "only not half like the reality. It was your own picture, my sweet girl, that I kissed again and again."

She looked at him a moment, and buried her wet eyes in his bosom. As she lifted her head, and, shaking back the clustering ringlets that fell around her brow, displayed her face smiling through tears, his arm softly found its way around her waist, and—but I am at the end of my sheet.

PRINTERS,

Cant live on WIND.

We observe the following pithy and humorous remarks, in the editorial column, of a New-York paper, and we advise all our brother Editors to publish it.

Our subscribers and others, who owe us money will take notice that pay day is coming on, and their debts ought to be paid.

We can enumerate many reasons for it, but the few following will suffice.

	In the 1st place the paper maker wants his pay of the poor Printer.
2d.	Our workmen want their pay.
3d.	Our Inkmen want their pay.
4th.	Our Carriers want their pay.
5th.	Our very Printer's Devils want their pay.
6th.	And even, the very butcher and Baker want their pay also—

"BUT THEY MAY SEE WHERE THEY GET IT."

And indeed
All!——all!——and every body wants their pay from the "poor Printer."
Doth not then He,——yea, he want his pay also?
For
as the celebrated Dr. Green of Reading sayeth, A PRINTER
cannot live on WIND, like the organ pipes, in a country Church. HE MUST HAVE HIS PAY *as well as other folks.*

A gentleman one day in company observed that a Printer ought to be the most virtuous character in society. When asked for his reason, on which he founded his opinion, he replied, that a Printer avoids *error*; scrupulously pays strict attention to his *justification*; is never without a true *rule*; *sticks* to his *case*, be it ever so bad; and won't *impose* without a *form*; he adheres strictly to all true *points*; *corrects* all his *errors* carefully *revises* his *work*, and mends daily till the whole is perfect.

The Autumn Races.

FALL RACES.

Over the Union Course, Long Island.

THE Fall Races over this Course will take place the first week of October next. The purses will be run for on the second, third, and fourth days of said month—heats of three, two and four miles. The amount of each, with particulars, will be given in a future advertisement.

In addition to which the following stakes (three of which yet remain open) will be contended for

Poststake, all ages, $1000 each, p. p. four mile heats; to come off Monday, October 1st, and to close on the 10th of September next—three entries or no race. Three year olds 90 lbs; four years 104 lbs., five years 114 lbs.; six years 121 lbs. aged 126 126 lbs. 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings.

Sweepstakes for three year olds, 200 dollars each, half forfeit, mile heats—colts 90 lbs. fillies 87 lbs. 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings—to come off on the 2d of October, and to close Sept 10th. Three subscribers or no race.

Sweepstakes, for three year olds, 150 dollars each, 50 dollars forfeit, mile heats, colts 90 lbs, fillies 87 lbs. 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings—to come off Oct 3d, five subscribers, closed June 1st, 1832.

Sweepstakes, all ages, 200 dollars each, half forfeit, two mile heats, to carry weights as in the poststakes above, to come off October 4th, and to close on the 10th of September next, three entries or no race.

Gentlemen who wish to subscribe to either of the above stakes which yet remain open, will please to signify the same in person, or by letter addressed to the undersigned.

C. R. COLDEN, Clerk of the Course.
Union Course, Jamaica, N. Y.

DUTCHESS CO. RACES.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

THE Fall Races over the Dutchess County Course will commence on Tuesday, October 2d, and continue three days.

First day, at 12 o'clock, sweepstakes for three year old colts, two miles out, for 500 dollars each. 100 dollars forfeit—six subscribers.

At 2 o'clock, two mile heats, purse 200 dollars.

Second day, at 12 o'clock, one mile heats, purse 100 dollars, free for any colt, three years old or under, bred in the counties of Dutchess or Columbia.

At 2 o'clock, three mile heats, purse 300 dolls.

Third day, at 2 o'clock, four mile heats, purse 500 dollars.

Poughkeepsie, July 9, 1832.

CENTRAL COURSE.

Baltimore, Md.—Stakes now Open.

CHATEAU MARGAUX STAKES. A post sweepstakes will be run for on the 2d day of the next fall meeting, 2 miles out. Entrance $300, p. p. Each gentleman over twenty-one years of age to ride his own horse. Four or more to make a race. The winner to pay six dozen of Chateau Margaux wine to the club. To close the first day of August. To this there are already eight subscribers.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, bred and owned in the state of Maryland and District of Columbia, two mile heats.—Entrance $100, h. f. to run first day of fall meeting, 1832. Four or more to make a race. To close and name 1st of October.

3. A post sweepstakes for next fall, free for all ages, four mile heats. Entrance $500, p. p.—the proprietor to add $1,000; four or more to make a race. To close 1st of October. Subscribers, Jno. C. Stevens, Wm. R. Johnson, J. M. Selden.

4. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, to run next fall meeting, two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f. four or more to make a race. To close 1st of September.

5. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, (that have never won a race,) to run next fall meeting, two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f. four or more to make a race. To close 1st of October.

CUSICK'S RACE COURSE

FOUR Days racing, commencing on Tuesday 24 day of October next.

First day a purse of $50 two rounds and repeat. Entrance $5.

Second day, a purse of $75, three rounds and repeat. Entrance $7 50.

Third day a purse of $100 four rounds and repeat. Entrance $10.

Fourth day a handycap purse of $30 to be run for, the three best in five. Entrance $3.

The racing will be agreeable to the rules of Jones track Elizabethtown (Grave creek.) The proprietor pledges himself to have the track in complete order.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Savannah, Ga.

A SWEEPSTAKE for Colt's two years old, (reckoning from May-day)—2 mile heats—entrance $200 p. p. will be run for the day preceding the next regular races, which will take place during the last week in January next. Entries to be made with the Secretary any time before the 1st of December next, at which time the Book will be closed.

A Colt is already entered.

RICHARD D. ARNOLD, *Sec'y.*

MILLEDGEVILLE RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of the Milledgeville (Geo.) Jockey Club, will commence on Tuesday, the 16th of October.

First day, a sweepstake, free for any horse, one mile heats; entrance $25.

Second day, colts' race, free for any colt that has not won a race; entrance $30.

Third day, three mile heats, free for any horse; entrance $25.

Fourth day, one mile heats, three best in five, free for any horse; entrance $20.

R. H. SMITH, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

M'MINNVILLE FALL RACES.

ON Thursday 27th of September, a sweepstake for 2 years old colts—$50 entrance, mile heats, play or pay. 7 subscribers and closed.

On Friday 28th of September, sweepstake, for 3 years old colts, mile heats, $25 entrance, play or pay, four subscribers.

On Monday the first day of October a match race between Benjamin Johnson's mare Miss Tonson and Major Robinson's horse Rocky River by Stockholder, 3 years old, mile heats, for $1000 in cash, with their entitled weight.

On Tuesday 2d day of October, a match race between Mary Burton by Andrew Jackson, owned by T. B. Henley, and Robinson's horse John by Conquerer, for $500 in cash, mile heats, with 80 lbs. on each, both 3 years old.

GEORGE W. JEWEL.
McMinnville, Sept. 1, 1832.

THREE RIVERS RACES.

To take place early in September.

ON the last day of the Meeting, there will be run for, a Silver Cup, value twenty five sovereigns, the gift of His Excellency Lord Aylmer, Governor in Chief, open to all horses bred in the Province of Lower Canada, that never won a match, plate, or sweepstakes, two mile heats, weights, 3 years old, 8st 7lb; 4 years old 9st 4lb; 5 years old and upwards, 10st—mares and geldings to be allowed 3 lb. Entrance dollars.

No race except three horses start. The winner to be excluded from starting for the cup given by His Excellency, at any future period.

First day, a purse of —— Sovereigns, open to all horses bred in the District, that never won any match, plate or sweepstakes, heats one mile and a distance, weights for age—Entrance —— dollars, the winner if entered for the Governor's cup, to carry 5lb. extra.

The Three River Stakes, of —— pounds, open to all horses; entrance —— dollars, two mile heats. Weight for age.

The ladies purse, of —— pounds, heats one mile and a distance, weights 10 stone—gentlemen riders.

Further particulars will be given in due time.

J. DICKSON, *Secretary.*
Three Rivers, 25th July, 1832.

DR. I. FRANCIS.

SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street between Duane and Pearl streets New-York.

Sporting Stores.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag rods, do. Walking Cane Rods, best Multiplying Reels, Landing and Shrimp Nets, patent India-grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk worm Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers, Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies, do. Fishes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS,

No. 3 Wall st. cor. New st. opposite the Church.

☞ Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.

FISHING & FOWLING TACKLE

CHARLES P. TAYLOR, No. 11 1-2 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New York.

Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk and Hemp Lines. Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Netts—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Disgorgers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Copper Flasks—Game Netts—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and calls—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets and Plumes, also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 395 Pearl-street to No. 52 Fulton-street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, sinkers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black Bass, Weak, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New London and other lines of every description.

Also a general assortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking. J. Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD.
No. 52 Fulton-street.

HINTON'S

WAREHOUSE & MANUFACTORY,
194 Broadway, N. Y.

WHERE may be had in large or small quantities, on reasonable terms, the following articles:—Military Caps of gold, gilt, silver plated and other trimming. Plumes and pompoons of every color, size and description. Swords and belts suitable for cavalry, artillery, infantry or navy officers. Gold, silver, gilt and plated Epaulettes of all patterns; do Wings and worsted do.—do. Tassels, do. of all sizes; do. Laces, different qualities. Muskets, cartridge boxes and belts, dirks, belt and pocket pistols, fencing foils, masks and boxing gloves. Pocket pistols, housings, holsters, bridles, and all the variety of military horse equipments.

FOWLING ARTICLES.

Double and single guns, Damascus, stub and twist, and plain barrels, (made by the most celebrated gun makers in London,) flint and percussion rifles; English and American gunpowder in canisters; percussion caps and fitters; shot and flints; powder and drinking flasks, and cups; bullet pouches, game bags, horns and belts; shot belts, and mahogany gun cases; cleaning rods with all the necessary implements; dog chains, collars, and calls; percussion and flint locks, and general assortment of gun mountings.

FISHING TACKLE.

Trout and river rods of all descriptions, walking cane rods, India grass, hemp, silk and hair lines of all lengths. Single and multiplying reels, silkworm gut, swivels, sinkers, first quality of Limerick and Kirby hooks on hair and engine twisted hair, artificial flies, fishes, devels, frogs, mice, floats, hoop nets, &c. &c. composing a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle.

TO TRAVELLERS.

Manufactured and for sale as above, travelling trunks, valices and carpet bags of the best quality.

N. B. Flint locks percussioned and guns and pistols repaired in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store, and also hopes that they will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle, all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or without Joints for Fly and other fishing. Grass, Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel-sinkers, floats, artificial baits such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300 000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Tackling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk-worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABR'M BROWER,
230 Water street.

PERCUSSION CAPS.

TO SPORTSMEN.—The subscriber has just received and offers for sale *The Improved Percussion Cap*—the charges and construction of which is, on explosion, to prevent the caps from flying into fragments; thereby protecting the shooter from accident to the face, eyes, hands, &c.

Also the Scientific Self-Adjuster (*suitable for the meridian of Washington.*)

LEWIS,
☞ Wall-street, No. 3 corner of New st. opposite the Wall street church.

. VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed in a superior style at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. June 26

TO SPORTSMEN.

JUST Received—*Hawker on Shooting, or Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and advice to young Sportsmen on other subjects, by Lieut Col Hawker. 6th edition in 8vo enlarged and improved, with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col Hawker is one of the best shots in England, and his 'Instructions to Sportsmen' the very best book we have on the subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 219 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

R. N. WHITE.

POCKET Book and Morocco Fancy Article Manufacturer, corner of William and Liberty Streets, New York.

Miscellaneous.

LITHOGRAPHY.

ENDICOTT & SWETT, Lithographers, Publishers and Printsellers, No. 111 Nassau street.

Orders for original designs and drawings, or copies of Portraits Landscapes, Views of Buildings, Portraits from life of Horses, Dogs, and other animals.

Maps, Charts Cards, Circulars, Transfers, or any thing connected with the above art, will meet with prompt personal attention.

A general assortment of colored and plain Lithographic Prints constantly on hand.

Neither trouble or expense have been spared to render our establishment complete, and we shall take pleasure at all times in showing specimens of our work.

New York, Sept 1st 1832.

ACCOUNT BOOKS.

Stationary, &c.

WILLIAM C. TAYLOR, Jr. No. 55 Wall Street, a few doors south of the Merchants' Exchange, has constantly on hand at the most liberal prices, Account Books of every description and of superior quality.

Likewise a select and general assortment of Stationary, at the Lowest market prices.

Blank Books ruled to any pattern, and bound in the best style by long experienced and first rate workmen.

Bronze, of all kinds. Visiting Cards, Sealing Wax, Lead Pens, Ink Stands. Wafers, Quills, Ink Slates, Pounce, all kinds of mettallic Pens, Pocket Books &c. &c. always on hand.

☞ Bills of Lading, Notes of Hand, Checks, and all other blank printing executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch.

☞ A few copies of the Life of Stephen Girard remaining on hand. Aug 1832

R. H. ELTON.

Engraver on Wood, No. 137 Division-st. New York.

A LARGE assortment of one, three, and six cent colored Toy Pictures, wholesale and retail. Fancy Prints, Stationary, Songs, &c.—A liberal discount made to venders. dec 10tf

LANSING & MORSE.

ENGRAVERS ON WOOD,

175 BROADWAY,

s1 New York.

TO SPORTSMEN.

To all Sportsmen feeling interested in the superiority and fleetness of the Blood Horse.

GENTLEMEN.—We, the proprietors of a Horse called SWEET BRIER, bred in Madison County, sired by the famous horse Moonshine, bred by Gen. Coles, Long Island, his dam by the well known Imported horse old Magnum Bonum, his color a bright bay, full sixteen hands high, five years old, his form and figure rarely equalled in the blood horse; his lofty air and superior action are inexcelable, his stock is of the highest grade, which alone would rank him a blazing star among his competitors; but these are not all the qualifications with which this wonderful animal is possessed. We have abundant confidence that his gallant strides cannot be overtaken in a single quarter by any horse on the Continent. The sincerity of this opinion we pledge ourselves to support within the bounds of our property.

This noble animal we now offer for sale for the sum of $3000, warranted to outrun any horse that can be produced, or no sale. The proprietors also pledge themselves to hazard five hundred dollars for testing his speed, 80 rods, against any horse, mare, or gelding, in the known world, carrying 112 lbs or Catch riders, after having due notice. The contesting horse must meet Sweet Briar on the Sullivan race course in Madison County.

GEORGE EHLE.
JACOB LOWER.
Chittenango, Madison Co., N. Y. Aug. 20, 1832.

N. B. Sweet Brier, like Alexander the Great, stamps the earth in rage, neighing for a Competitor. 37—8w

Saddles, Harness, Trunks, &c.

J. B. Carter 143 Bowery returns sincere thanks to a generous public and in particular to gentleman of the Turf, both in this and neighboring cities, for their liberal and increasing patronage. He has on hand and is constantly manufacturing light pleasure harness of every description, Racing and Trotting Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs &c., together with almost every article in his line of business, all of which will be sold at his usual low prices. June 23, 1832.

R. N. WHITE.

ENGRAVER ON WOOD

No. 7 THEATRE ALLEY
New York.

TO DENTISTS.

GOLD, Silver, Platina, and Tin Foils of superior quality, and warranted, are offered to the Dentists at the lowest prices, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watts-street, by

s1 GEORGE S. WAITE.

L. I. COHEN.

REFINED Black Lead Pencil and Everpoint Pencil manufacturer, and importer of Fancy Articles 71 William street New-York.

Cholera Medicines

AS prescribed according to the report of the Edinburgh Medical Board of Health, on the mode of preventing and treating the Cholera—warranted Genuine to be had at 195 Pearl street where may be had any kind of Cholera medicines, warranted of the best quality.

REMOVAL.

DR. S. BAKER & SON Dentists have removed to 61 Bowery corner of Walker street, entrance in Walker St.

S. D. CHILDS,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD,

97 LIBERTY STREET,
New York.

TO SPORT MEN

Of Tennessee and Kentucky.

NOTICE is hereby given to the sportsmen of each of the above named States, that the subscriber has opened a RACE TRACK at Columbia, Adair county, Ky. which is said to be, by persons who are experienced in the business of racing, and who have had frequent opportunities of judging, not inferior, but rather superior, to any track now in either of the States. If the Lexingtonians and Nashvillians, they whom it is believed, own and run the best horses in their respective States, wish to contend with each other and meet upon half way ground, the Columbia Turf is the place. If any number of men with their horses, wish to be accommodated, when they come to Columbia, to the races or on other business, they can call on the subscriber.—He occupies the large and commodious brick building, formerly occupied as a Tavern by John Graham, and has supplied himself amply with every thing necessary for the entertainment of travellers.

m 61 JAMES MOORE.

TO STOREKEEPERS.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, New-York, respectfully offers his services to Country Merchants and Storekeepers in the purchase of Goods of every description, particularly DRY GOODS and GROCERIES. S. J. S. has connexion in business with the first houses, whereby he is enabled to buy cheap, and his charge will be extremely moderate, say 2 1-2 per cent. If a remittance be enclosed, small orders will meet with the same attention as those of larger amounts; it will be obvious to dealers, particularly those on a small scale that this is an opportunity deserving notice—the merchants will save the trouble and expense of a journey, and may depend on being well and economically served. Orders may be addressed either to Pittsburgh, Baltimore or New York. The subscriber having a house in each city. S. J. SYLVESTER. m21

Amusements, &c.

THATCHED COTTAGE GARDEN,

JERSEY CITY.

SAMUEL S. LYNCH, late of Castle Garden, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York and vicinity, that he has taken the entire management of this unrivalled place of resort for rural pleasure and health, and that he is now ready to receive company, and affords every comfort and convenience that can be found in any similar establishment in the Union.

Two superior boats, and the requisite apparatus for the pleasant and agreeable sport of fishing, are at all times in readiness for the accommodation of friends and patrons. June 11

OCEAN HOUSE.

Shrewsbury Inlet, near Long Branch.

CAPT. JAMES PENNOYER respectfully informs the Public that the above House, under the superintendence of Mr. Lawrence Stillman, is now open for the Season.

This Establishment, being in the immediate vicinity of the Ocean, offers rare inducements to persons desirous of enjoying the luxuries during the Summer Months, of a *Sea Breeze,* and of *Sea or River Bathing.*

The new Steamboat David Brown leaves New-York from Fulton Market Wharf every day (except Thursday) for the above place, and lands passengers within Fifty Yards of the House. Persons leaving the city in the morning, can remain nearly six hours, and return by 6 o'clock, P. M.

Boats, Fishing Tackle, Bait, &c. can be obtained at any time.

WATERING PLACE.

No. 44 *Bowery, 1st door south of the Theatre.*

J. CAIN & CO. Proprietors of this establishment, respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have fitted up the various apartments of their Hotel in a style of comfort and accommodation unsurpassed by any other similar establishment in the city, and that, in addition to the well known genuineness of their entertainments, both for strangers and residents, they have finished their Ten-pin Alley on a plan of superior commodiousness and beauty, where gentlemen of the most scrupulous morality may freely enjoy the healthiest and most invigorating exercise, apart from certain pernicious practices which are too common in houses of public entertainment.

The subscribers having established the rules of their Hotel on a footing of unexceptionable propriety and order, respectfully invite that liberal patronage which they will make it their constant endeavor to merit. J. CAIN & CO.

FOR LONG BRANCH,

Eatontown, Red Bank, and the Ocean House, at Shrewsbury Inlet.

The new and elegant steamboat DAVID BROWN, Capt. James Pennoyer, will commence her regular trips for the above places on Sunday morning next, August 5th, running alternately to Eatontown and Red Bank in the following order, viz —

Will leave Fulton Market wharf for Eatontown every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. For Red Bank every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday morning, at 8 o'clock. Returning, she will leave from each place at 12 o'clock noon, stopping at the Ocean House Dock, at Shrewsbury Inlet, until 1-2 past 3 o'clock P. M. each day. By the above arrangement passengers will have an opportunity to remain at Long Branch several hours—sufficient time to bathe, dine, &c. and return to the city at an early hour in the afternoon. Stages will always be in attendance to convey passengers to Long Branch and other parts of the country.—Fare to and from Eatontown, Red Bank, and Shrewsbury Inlet, 50 cents each way.

A trip to the Ocean House at Shrewsbury Inlet, or to Long Branch, is not surpassed by any similar excursion in the vicinity of New-York.

Boats, fishing-tackle and bait always to be had at the Ocean House of L. Stillman.

THE SERAPHINE.

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, INVENTED BY C. G. CHRISTMAN, 398 PEARL-ST.

AFTER a long time of uninterrupted perseverance, this extraordinary instrument is introduced to the public in its present very gratifying perfection. The Seraphine will be understood to be a keyed instrument, or an Organ in miniature, peculiarly adapted for domestic use, but it is sufficiently powerful for small churches. It is impossible to conceive so small an instrument capable of producing such an immense volume of harmony; at the same time it is capable of the utmost possible delicacy of diminuendo and cresendo, from the soft sighing of the Æolian harp to the grandeur and majesty of the full choir, in a degree of excellence never yet claimed by any other instrument. Such an instrument, independently of its novelty, cannot fail to be valuable to any performer on the pianoforte or organ.

N. B. At Mr. Christman's Music store may be procured, eight keyed Flutes, Accordians, Pocket and Kent bugles, for which he has been honored with the first premium of the American Institute, also Guitars, Violins, Military and other Instruments. Music, which he has just published for the Guitar, the beautiful song Green Hills of Tyrol, as sung by Mrs. Austin in the Opera of Cinderella, with three new Waltzes composed by O. Torpe, and to be continued in numbers.

PARTHENON

Reading Room and Circulating Library.

THE subscriber begs leave to call the attention of every class of readers to his Library. It being very extensive, and amply supplied with works in every department of Literature, it will be found to afford a cheap and easy method of access to all the most valuable books in the English language. The collection of Periodical publications is unequalled. A primary object also, of the proprietor, will be to furnish the subscribers with a more immediate and regular supply of New Publications, than has hitherto been attainable, and for this purpose a large number of each will be secured, as they issue from the press.

The connexion with the Library of an amply provided Literary Reading Room, offers great advantages, as for much less than the cost of one single London Journal or Review, nearly thirty British and ten to fifteen American periodicals besides Newspapers may be read. Both Library and Reading Room are kept open from an early hour in the Morning till ten at night. The room is furnished with the Morning and Evening papers of the city—papers from the principal cities and towns of the United States and Canada, and with a large collection of Foreign and American Periodicals. Duplicates of most of these are also taken, as soon as they are published, for the use of the Library.

CHARLES S. FRANCIS, Book-seller and Stationer, No. 252 Broadway.

PRINTS & STATIONERY.

To Print Dealers and Others.

CHEAP Fancy articles constantly to be had at ARMSTRONG'S, 205 Division street. A variety of English Landscapes and Scraps, on hand. Also, Songs, Dixon's Drolleries, Devil on Two Sticks, Shakspear's works, &c. &c.

Fine Lithographic Heads

Louis Philip, General Lafayette, Don Pedro and other well known persons, may be had colored in a superior style. All the different Presidents of the U. S., from General Washington to Jackson. Also, Henry Clay, Wm. Wirt, &c.

PRIZE OFFICE.

☞ All Foreign or New-York prizes cashed at BIGNALL'S Prize Office 144 Broadway; where tickets in all licensed Lotteries are for sale, on the most accommodating terms.

Orders from the country or elsewhere, enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention, if addressed to D. BIGNALL.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS,

AUCTIONEER for the City and County of New-York, attends personally to the Sales of Furniture in any part of the City; also, Real Estate Ships, Merchandise &c. &c. Office 100 Broadway, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

Miscellaneous.

CAUTION.

L. MORANGE & DAVIS having been appointed agents by the proprietor for the sale of the *Medicated oil Silk* for the cure of gout, and Rheumatism, beg leave to acquaint their friends and the public in general, that a spurious article has been forced into the market, thereby imposing on the credulous and defrauding the proprietor of that compensation, to which 18 years labor for the public good so justly entitles him. They therefore give notice that each piece, or whatsoever smaller quantity, will be accompanied with a copy of the original certificate signed by the most eminent gentlemen of the faculty in this city, and bear the signature of the Suberibers—without which none is genuine. For sale wholesale and retail by L. MORANGE & DAVIS,

June 12 1832. 105 William-street.

TO BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,

AND DEALERS IN

FINE FANCY GOODS,

WHO desire a neat and good article in this line (which is always the cheapest,) for trading, are informed that they can always procure at the old stand a choice supply of

Fine Pocket-Books, Card-Cases, &c.

from the subscriber's great assortment of

170 KINDS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL;

At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to $40 pr doz.

T. BUSSING, *Manufacturer, 71 William-st.*

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WM. MATTHEWS, manufacturer of Walking Canes, in all its branches, at No. 2 Liberty-street.

N. B. Canes mounted on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice. 23tf

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HAIR CUTTER AND DRESSER,

No. 411 Broadway, New-York.

FRIENDSHIP TAVERN.

BY Mrs. Williams, 421-2 Bowery, New York Harmonic Meetings, Tuesday an Saturday evenings.

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JOHN BURDELL, Dentist, has removed his office from 299 1-2 Broadway, to 303 corner of Duane and Broadway. ☞ Entrance in Duane street.

A. COX, JR.

STEAM SCOURER, 80 CEDAR STREET,

ONE DOOR FROM BROADWAY,

WHERE, he respectfully informs his friends and the public, he continues to *Dye, scour and repair Clothes* at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. New collars, cuffs and buttons, neatly put on coats.

Orders punctually attended to in any part of the city. Cash given for cast-off clothes. jl1

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A WEEKLY

SPORTING PAPER,

ON THE PLAN OF

Bell's Life in London,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

WILLIAM T. PORTER & Co.
No. 35 Wall Street,
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T. R. ...

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, TH

BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
35 WALL-ST., ADJOINING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, 1832.

SALE OF BLOODED HORSES.

We regret to learn from a Virginia correspondent that our friend, John Minor, Jr. Esq of Fairfield, near Richmond, is about to dispose of the entire stud of Racers, Breeders, &c. composing his stable, which has long been considered second to none in the United States. The sale is to take place on the day of the Jockey Club Purse, of the Fairfield Fall Meeting, (Oct 19th,—the races commence on the 3d Tuesday.) Many of the horses comprising this valuable stud, are known to most of our sporting friends, and rank among the most celebrated for beauty, speed and bottom in Virginia.

In carelessly running our eye over the list of "game 'uns," we find the Merino Ewe, the dam of the distinguished Gohanna, (for which $15,000 have been offered,) and all her progeny, consisting of four colts,—one by Arab, two by Medley, and one by Timoleon, in addition to a number of brood mares of the most approved blood. Mr. Minge also offers for sale his whole stable of horses now in training, and "stallions by the dozen or single."

We would advise our sporting friends to "be on the tapis," as they may not again have an opportunity of purchasing from such a bevy of "bits o' blood;" the terms we understand, will be six and nine months credit for approved paper; the whole are to be disposed of without reserve.

"DOING" THE MUSQUITOES.

Mr. Cunningham, in his "Letters from New South Wales," says:—"The South Sea Islanders clear their cabins of musquitoes at night in a very simple way. They dim the light of their lamps by holding a calabash over it, and walk two or three times slowly round the room with it in their hand. The musquitoes collect quickly about the light, when the bearer thereof slips gently out of doors, puffs out the lamp, and jumps back into the apartment, shutting quickly the door after him, and leaving thus all the troublesome guests on *the outside.*"

The Editor of the Commercial, Col. Stone, says, "the Editor of the Salem Gazette, in which paper we find the foregoing paragraph, has tried the virtue of the plan above mentioned, and given a certificate of its efficacy. The people in the lower part of this goodly town, on the West side are at present dreadfully annoyed by these insects, who come over from the Jersey swamps, long-legged, hungry, thirsty, and ferocious, to suck the blood of good men, women and children. It is very well that these vampires are individually too furious to admit of any concert of action. If they pulled together it is even possible that they might carry off small children."

A CHANCE FOR COL. WILDFIRE.

We gather from the foreign journals, says the Boston Galaxy, that the good people of London have been thrown into no little astonishment by an advertisement which has recently appeared in their morning papers "for a gentleman to fight a duel with." The following solution is given of it:—

It appears that a person connected with the Box-book department of the King's Theatre was in the Pit with his sister, and that, for some fancied rudeness to his sister, he gave a violent blow on the face to the advertiser, who demanded his aggressor's card, at the same time giving his own. The person who received the blow (he is said to be a nobleman) lost the card of his antagonist, and inserted the advertisement which has caused so great a stir. The Box-book gentleman, who was in a great fright for three days, imagined from not having seen the advertisement, that the card-giver, was shewing the white-feather, and in the joy of his escape, related the adventure to a friend, with many encomiums on his own bravery, and maledictions on the cowardice of the other party. This ill-timed boast brought the whole affair to light; but we have not heard whether the horse-whip or the pistol is to be his lot.

DR. BIRD'S ORALLOOSA.

The Evening Post last week, gave a full account of the Tragedy of this name, by Dr. Bird, of Philadelphia, and which is now being brought out by Mr. Forrest, for whom it is written, at the Arch street Theatre in that city. We have reason to believe, relying on the judgment and excellent good taste of Mr Leggett, that "Oralloosa," will be one of the most interesting dramas that have been produced for a long time, though perhaps not superior to Metamora or The Gladiator.

The Post in noticing the play at length, thus concludes:—

"As for Oralloosa, the hero of the piece, we look upon that character as a grand creation of poetry. The idea on which the whole play turns, his voluntary abandonment of imperial station and, a greater sacrifice, of successful war, that by undergoing a long and painful servitude among his enemies, he might possess himself of those arts, a knowledge of which would give perpetual security to his country, is one of the noblest which could enter into the mind of man. When this finely conceived and finely written part comes to be embodied before an audience in the admirable personation of Forrest, we shall be mistaken indeed if it is not received with the most enthusiastic applause. For our own part, we beg leave, in conclusion, to tender to Mr Forrest our sincere thanks for the pleasure which a perusal of Oralloosa has afforded us—we thank him for having called into exercise such a mind as Dr. Bird's; we thank him for having added to the permanent literature of our country a tragedy which, whether for the deep historic interest of the fable, the ingenuity of its dramatic construction, the fine bursts of passionate feeling and the sweet touches of poetry with which it abounds, or the general nobleness of the sentiments, and of the great moral lessons it inculcates, has few superiors in the whole range of the English drama."

The Calmuck Tartars.—Calmuck women ride better than the men. A male Calmuck on horseback looks as if he was intoxicated, and likely to fall off every instant, though he never loses his seat; but the women sit with more ease, and ride with extraordinary skill. The ceremony of marriage among the Calmucks is performed on horseback. A girl is first mounted, who rides off at full speed. Her lover pursues, and if he overtakes her, she becomes his wife, returning with him to his tent. But it sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued, in which case she will not suffer him to overtake her; and we were assured that no instance occurs of a Calmuck girl being thus caught, unless she has a partiality for her pursuer.—*Clarke's Travels.*

It was very correctly said by a youth to a young heiress, whom he courted for her acres, "I love the very ground you walk upon."

Sport.—The Philadelphia Saturday Courier invites the attention of those fond of gunning, to a place in that vicinity where there are plenty of pigeons, robins, &c. We beg leave to ask the editor of the Courier if he would be guilty of shooting a *robin?* If so, we set him down for the man we did not take him to be. Mischievous birds give us some excuse, but to shoot the innocent little redbreast, heaven's sweetest warbler, which never injured any one—oh it's *inhuman!* and he who would do it, deserves himself to be shot—with *fine salt.*—*Middlesex Telegraph.*

A gentleman espying a number of mischievous little rogues in the act of carrying off a quantity of fruit from his orchard, without leave or license, bawled out very lustily, "what are you about there you rascals?" "*About going,*" said one, as he seized his hat, and scampered off at double quick time.

At the breaking up of a dinner party, two of the company fell down stairs, the one tumbling on the first landing place, the other rolling to the bottom. It was observed that the first seemed dead drunk. "Yes," said a wag, "but he's not so far gone as the gentleman below."

At a late session of the Court of Common Pleas at Taunton, a man was fined $50, and costs, for selling lottery tickets. A man was fined $1 for mowing on a Sunday, and another for not having a sign as an innholder.

Lorenzo Dow has published a book, entitled "The Chain of Reason, consisting of six links, two hooks and one swivel."

The story of the man aged 94, and his son, aged 70, who lately applied for Pensions, in Chenango Co. this state, puts us in mind of that of a man of 75, who was found crying at the step of a door. Upon inquiring the cause of his grief, it was found that his *father* had been *flogging* him for being saucy to his *grandfather.*

Mrs. Trollope has not yet done with us. The old lady cannot soon forget the ill success her scheme of a bazaar met with; and she is determined to have ample satisfaction for her disappointment. The Literary Gazette announces the appearance of "The Refugee in America, a novel by Mrs. Trollope," in which we Yankees are handled without gloves.

The Illinois Magazine will hereafter be issued from Cincinnati, Ohio, under the title of the Western Magazine; and will continue under the editorial guidance of James Hall, Esq. favorably known throughout the country as a writer of taste and education.

Spirited Reply.—A poor fellow rescued half drowned, from a river, was asked to take some spirits and water. "No, I thank you," replied he, "I have had water enough already, I'll take the spirits alone."

TOWNSEND, THE POLICE-OFFICER.

Although we are not quite prepared to say that the death of Townsend, like that of Garrick, has "eclipsed the gaiety of *all* nations," yet certainly, it has materially darkened the gaiety of *this.* Mr. Townsend has been, for the last century, the principal feature of England's festivities. The galas of the court, the entertainments of the chief *noblesse,* the halls of the great and wealthy, though thronged by myriads of rank and fashion, were generally honored with the presence of this singular character—indeed, they were looked upon as incomplete in his absence. This is to be accounted for by the countenance which early in life Mr. Townsend received from the Royal family, especially from the two last of our Kings—Townsend was as familiar with Geo. III and Geo. IV. as if he had been a relative—that is, whenever they chose to be familiar at all. The King's intention of visiting any places of amusement, was generally communicated by a wink of Townsend's eye, and a touch of Townsend's nose, at least three days before Mr. Mash, or any of the "Jacks in office," came officially to announce it; and his mere hint to many a nobleman of "We're coming to dine next week," has set the chimnies of Grosvenor, St. James, Berkley, Portman, Cavendish, and other aristocratic squares in full smoke until the day of festivity arrived.—His late Majesty seldom moved without Townsend for his body guard; and he was so pleased with his blunt humor, and his knowledge of human life, that he invariably preferred his converation to that of the titled who surrounded him. He many years back used to relate, as a standing joke, a personal remark of Townsend's on old Bisnie, whose coarse manners were the subject of conversation: "Aye," said Jack to the King, you put him on the peace establishment: but I'll be d——d if he was on the *civil* list." Townsend's association had grown to such a pitch, that any inquiries after a member of the Royal Family were always answered by him in the plural number and invariably in the conjunctive mood. "How's the King, Townsend?" "Why, thank God Almighty, we're pretty well!" "How's the Duke of Sussex?" "Why, he's out of our books at present, and I don't care a d—n *how* he is." But the most singular instance of familiarity with that most aristocratic King of Kings, George IV that ever occurred, was in the case of Townsend accompanying his Majesty, in the year 1821, to the Opera House, where the King went in private. It was during the excitement about Caroline of Brunswick. On the evening in question, the Queen was in the Theatre, and as Townsend had gone up stairs first of all, to mar shall the royal way, he came down in a moment after, half a dozen steps at a time, and giving to his Majesty a wink, not to be understood, exclaimed, "It wont do, Ma'am, here."

Witty Repartee.—A Frenchman once trading in the market, was interrupted by an impertinent would be waggish sort of a fellow, who ridiculed him by imitating his imperfect manner of speaking English. After patiently listening to him for some time, the Frenchman coolly replied "Mine fine friend, you vud do vell to stop now; for if Sampson had made no better use of de jaw bone of an Ass dan you do, he vud never have killed so many Philistines."

Shark.—One of the largest Guinea Sharks ever taken in our harbor, being nearly 15 feet in length, was yesterday caught at the Quarantine ground.—*Charleston Mercury.*

A motion was ... bellion, that such ... liamentary troops ... riders. Mr. Welle... motion, for," added ... the riders be faithf... horses,—and skill... *with them.*"—New ...

For some reason ... Theatres seems ... these latter days ... tre to be sure has ... we are not a play-... tions as have been ... son by those concer... seldom witnessed ... fail of being rewar... however in Englan... papers.—*N. E. G...*

Mr. Monk Mas... tre are said, by t... acquainted with t... £11,000. Mr. M... market Theatre, c... the portion of the ... £1400. Mr. Arno... to Saturday last, w... Minor Theatres, ... two, have also ha... French plays, has ... this is going off; ... hardly have been ... has gained nothing ... than the lion's sh...

PADDY FOO...

Paddy Fooshane ... ley-mount Cross ... from which his M... portion of his reve... evening a number ... neral—all neighbo... cause they were in ... was Andy Agar, ... ural son of a gent... Shea, who was a... ning away with B... who, by reason of ... ileged to carry a ... of intellect man, ... tors by making ... and a number of ... began to "rain ca... stirring out, so th... ing fire was made ... ale began to flo... big table, and the... covered. Here ...